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SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' CONVENTION AT PITTSBURG.

THE Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention at Cleveland has met the same fate as the Philadelphia Convention of August 14. Neither of these Conventions were successful in their aims. They were, indeed, an expression of sentiments which responded to those of a large portion of our people. But, as the event proves, they did not touch the practical and immediate question before the people. They had their influence, but they did not create a new party. The Democratic party, condemned in every successive election since that of 1860, during the war insisted upon its claims to popular support, in a manner extremely offensive to all patriots; and now it has determined to reiterate these claims and calculates upon the prestige of Presidential support as a certain condition to its triumph. But the people have spoken in Maine and Vermont, and their verdict is clearly against trusting to the Democratic party the restoration of the country to peace. The case stands simply thus: the people are compelled to choose between a party which has carried them triumphantly through the most troublous and critical period of our history, and a party whose immediate antecedents excite their most hearty indignation.

It is at such a political turning-point that a Convention of soldiers and sailors has been held at Pittsburg, the assembling of which we illustrate on our first page.

The Convention met September 26. The evening previous there had been a torch-light procession. It was an occasion of popular excitement and enthusiasm scarcely paralleled in even the processions of our great metropolis. At an early hour on the morning of the 26th the City Hall of Pittsburg was thronged with an enthusiastic audience, of whom a good proportion were ladies.

An eloquent speech was made by General MOODY.

At twelve o'clock General NEGLEY called the Convention to order, and General FRANCIS F. BARLOW, after the delivery of a prayer by Rev. GRANVILLE MOODY, read the call of the Convention.

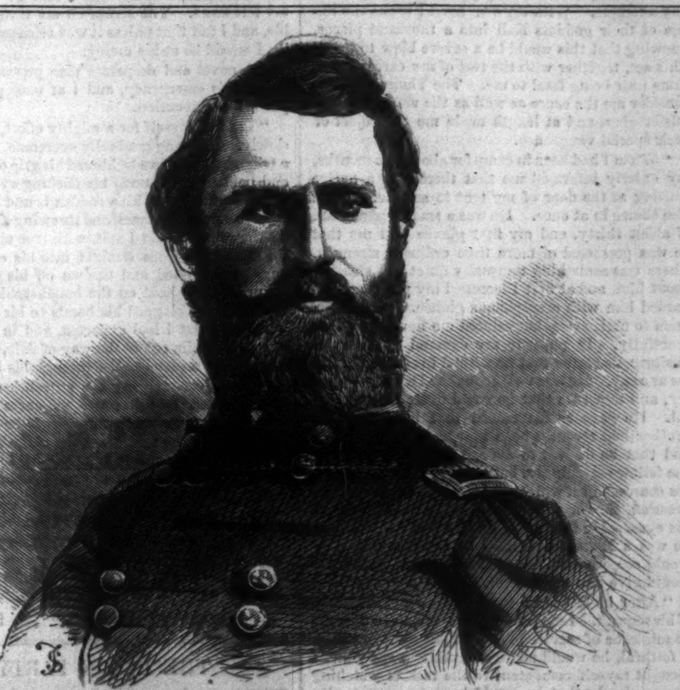
In the afternoon General JACOB D. COX, of Ohio, whose portrait we give herewith, and whose military record has been one of great and deserved distinction, was chosen President of the Convention. He took the chair, which had been temporarily occupied by L. EDWIN DUDLEY, a private of the Thirteenth Massachusetts, and made a brief speech, in which he insisted that Congress had the sole right to determine upon the conditions of restoration.

General BUTLER, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, reported the following platform, which was unanimously adopted:

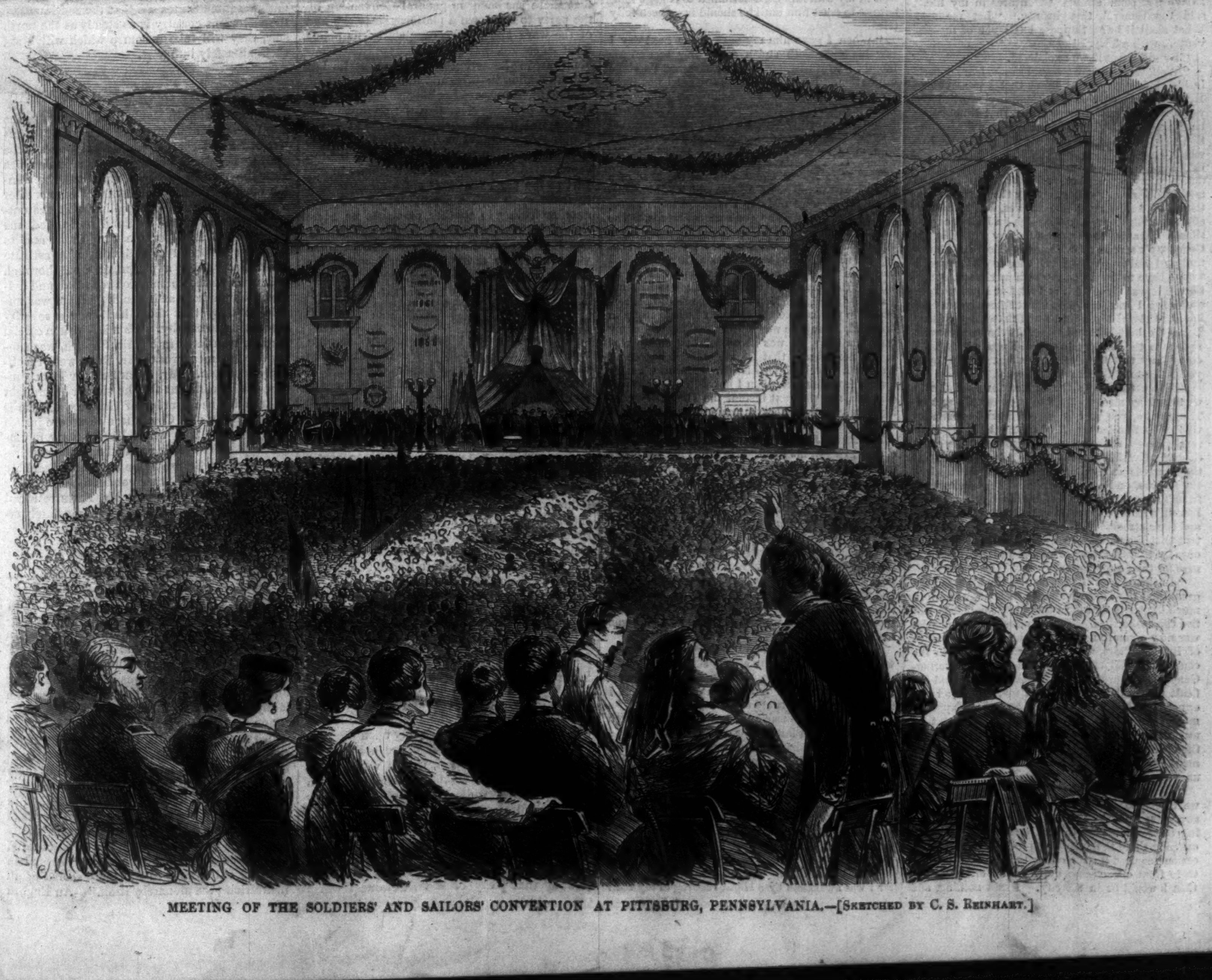
Resolved, That the action of the present Congress in passing the pending Constitutional Amendment is wise, prudent, and just. It clearly defines American citizenship, and guarantees all his rights to every citizen. It places on a just and equal basis the right of representation, making the vote of a man in one State equally potent with the vote of another man in any State. It righteously excludes from places of honor and trust the chief conspirators, guiltiest rebels, whose perjured crimes have drenched the land in fraternal blood. It puts into the very frame of our Government the inviolability of the National Debt, and the nullity forever of all obligations contracted in support of the rebellion.

Resolved, That it is unfortunate for the country that these propositions have not been received in the spirit of conciliation, clemency, and fraternal feeling in which they were offered, as they are the mildest terms ever granted to the subdued rebels.

Resolved, That the President, as an executive officer, has no right to a policy as against the Legislative Department of the Government, that his attempt to fasten his scheme of reconstruction upon the country was dangerous as it is unwise: his acts in sustaining it have retarded the restoration of peace and unity; they



GEN. J. D. COX, PRESIDENT OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' CONVENTION AT PITTSBURG.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.]



MEETING OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' CONVENTION AT PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—[SKETCHED BY C. S. REINHART.]

have converted conquered rebels into impudent claimants to rights which they have forfeited and places which they have desecrated. If consummated it would render the sacrifices of the nation useless, the loss of the lives of our buried comrades vain, and the war in which we have so gloriously triumphed what his present friends at Chicago in 1864 declared to be a failure.

Resolved, That the right of the conqueror to legislate for the conquered has been recognized by the public law of all civilized nations, by the operation of that law for the conservation of the good of the whole country, Congress has the undoubted right to establish measures for the conduct of the revolted States, and to pass all acts of legislation that are necessary for the complete restoration of the Union.

Resolved, That when the President claims that by the aid of the army and navy he might have made himself dictator he insulted every soldier and sailor of the republic. He ought distinctly to understand that the tried patriots of this nation can never be used to overthrow civil liberty or popular government.

Resolved, That the neutrality laws should be so amended as to give the fullest liberty to the citizen, consistent with the national faith that the great Union Republican party is pledged to sustain liberty and equality of rights every where; and therefore we tender to all people struggling for freedom our sympathy and cordial co-operation.

Resolved, That the Union men of the South, without distinction of race or color, are entitled to the gratitude of every loyal soldier and sailor who served his country in suppressing the rebellion, and that in their present dark hours of trial, when they are persecuted by thousands solely because they are now and have been true to their Government, we will not prove recreant to our obligations, but will stand by and protect with our lives, if necessary, those brave men who remain true to us when all around are false and faithless.

Resolved, That, in reorganizing the army, justice to the volunteer officers and soldiers demands that faithful and efficient service in the field ought ever to have place in the army and navy of the Union.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A THUG.

NOT long ago a party of six gentlemen were assembled at a private table in one of the pleasantest hotels in Manchester. Of this number I happened to be one, and the guest of the giver of the dinner. A pleasanter and more social gathering I never witnessed, and although we sat down to the table at a little after six o'clock it was near midnight before we rose from it.

When the cloth was removed and the wines were set on the real enjoyment of the evening began. Toasts, speeches, and stories followed each other in quick succession, and with a brilliancy that I have rarely seen equaled.

Among those present was General L——, a veteran, who had seen service in India until his face was as bronzed as his hair was bleached white by the suns of that burning sky. I was especially charmed with him. He was a frank, outspoken, genial man, and at once gained both your respect and friendship.

It was late in the evening, when some of the company called on him for a story.

"A story?" he said, with a smile. "I am but a poor hand, gentlemen, at story-telling."

"Surely, General," remarked our host, "you have seen too much active service in the East not to have passed through some remarkable adventure."

"Oh, if that is what you want, I can oblige you. I have had some strange adventures in my life," said the General, thoughtfully. "Let me see. What shall it be? Suppose I tell you of my adventure with a Thug?"

"By all means!" we exclaimed.

"Well, then," began General L——, leaning back in his chair, "you must know that I went out to India in the service of 'the Company' nearly forty years ago. I was a mere lad at that time, being barely eighteen. I left England with a determination to make something of myself in the land to which I was going, and when I reached my destination I began immediately to apply myself to the duties of my profession. I labored hard and soon made progress. I studied closely the manners, customs, and language of the natives, and spared no effort to make myself as thorough an Indian as possible. I wanted to fit myself for any station in the Company's service; for I meant to rise, and I knew that as I had no political influence to sustain me, I would have to depend on my own merits for promotion. It was slow work at first, but I persevered; and when I was forty-three, just fifteen years ago, I was a Colonel of cavalry, and I flatter myself that I was the best-informed officer in the service with regard to the country in which I was serving. I do not say this through vanity, but simply to let you understand better what follows.

"About that time the authorities at Calcutta were making strong efforts to suppress the sect of Thugs, who, you well know, are a band of fanatics who make murder a part of their religion. They rarely molest a European, on account of the great danger in which it would have placed them, but they carried on a regular system of operations against the natives, and especially against those who were friendly to us. Certain sections of the country were kept in a state of the most complete terror by them, and their atrocities had increased to so great an extent that the authorities thought it necessary to at once inaugurate the most prompt and decisive measures for their suppression.

"In the district of Benares the trouble was very great, and the Thugs managed their affairs with so much dexterity that for a time they completely baffled the authorities. The command of this district was now given to me, on account of my knowledge of Indian affairs, and my long experience in the country. I did not need the letter of the Governor-General to assure me that it was a delicate and difficult task which was assigned me, and that I was expected to discharge it. I accepted the appointment immediately. I was given a regiment of mounted men, picked for their long experience in the country, and at once set out for my new command, being determined to use no half-way measures when I got there.

"Upon reaching the neighborhood of Benares we halted and encamped near the Ganges, about five miles from the city. I had two reasons for doing this. One was, that I would be able by encamping there to move on the instant whenever occasion required it; the other, that I would be freer there from observation by the spies of the Thugs than I would be in the city. I said nothing, and permitted my men to say nothing of the cause of our coming, but at once set my spies to work. As I have said, I resolved to attempt no half-way measures with the assassins, but to proceed against them with the utmost vigor, and to spare none that offered any resistance to me. In short, I was determined to capture or exterminate them. Such as I captured were to be sent to Calcutta for trial, but it was my intention that these should be very few in number, as I knew that stern measures on my part would do more to strike terror to the sect than a hundred civil trials and executions.

"Through the instrumentality of my spies I learned that my district was infested with a band of Thugs, quite large in number, and under the direction of a leader named Runjheet. He was described to me as the most active of all, and as one of the most dangerous men the country had ever known. I set to work at once. I scoured my district right and left, by day and night, and with good effect, too.

"By the time I had been there six weeks I had sent ten prisoners to Calcutta with their families, had hung twenty caught in the act of strangling their victims, and had destroyed one of their towns and a temple. With my own hand I broke the image of their goddess Kali into a thousand pieces, knowing that this would be a severe blow to them. This act, together with the rest of my career there, came near being fatal to me. The Thugs began to consider me the cause as well as the means of their misfortunes, and at length made me the object of their special vengeance.

"When I had been in camp for about two months, my orderly informed me that there was a native waiting at the door of my tent to see me. I had him shown in at once. He was a small, spare man, of about thirty, and my first glance told me that he was possessed of more than ordinary strength. There was something unusually quiet and stealthy about him, and at first I loosened my pistol and regarded him with a suspicious glance. He did not seem to notice this, but saluted me humbly and respectfully. In reply to my demand to know his business, he stated that he wished to enter my service as a spy. He was well acquainted with the country, and was sure that he could make himself useful. He gave as his reason that his father and brother had recently been murdered by the Thugs and that he desired to avenge them. I looked at the fellow searchingly, but could gain nothing from his countenance, which was fixed and devoid of expression, save a strange and perplexing glitter in his eyes. He told me his name was Ali, and that he was a Mohammedan. I said to him that if he would come back at the same hour the next day I would give him my answer.

"After he left me I thought long and seriously of his request. I did not like his looks, but I thought he might be of service to me. I felt confident that, if faithful, he would make an excellent spy; and I thought myself competent to the task of watching him so closely that he would have no opportunity to play me false. So, after weighing the matter well in my own mind, I determined to engage him, but not to trust him until he should have been fully tried.

"When I gave him my answer the next day I saw his eyes flash and a smile play around his mouth. In an instant his face resumed its stolid expression. I was startled by this, and was more than ever resolved to watch the man closely. I gave him simple and easy tasks at first. He performed them with so much skill and celerity that I began to place more confidence in him, and gave him more difficult and important duties to perform. Thus ten days passed away. At the end of that time I went out one day at the head of a small party to follow up a scent which Ali had discovered. Toward mid-day I chanced to be alone, having sent the men away on various errands. The heat was intense, and I dismounted from my horse and stood for a short while under a large tree to enjoy the shade which looked so tempting to me. I had been there scarcely ten minutes when a rustling in the leaves above me caused me to look up. I saw a dark figure leap toward me from the tree, and from the handkerchief, which he held ready in his hand, I knew he was a Thug and bent upon my assassination. He was so sudden and unexpected in his movements that he might have succeeded but for a timely interposition. He had hardly sprung from the tree when I heard the sharp report of a rifle, and the next instant the Thug fell crashing at my feet. I looked around in astonishment to discover whence came this timely aid, and saw Ali running toward me at full speed, with his discharged rifle in his hand. He asked me anxiously as he came up if I were safe, and seemed gratified when I assured him that I was unhurt. He listened calmly to my expression of thanks, and said he was glad to be able to show me that my suspicions of his fidelity were unjust.

"I could not help blushing with mortification as he spoke, and I felt heartily ashamed of having suspected him at all. I told him that he should have no occasion to feel hurt at my conduct again, as he had that day given me the best proof of his loyalty that I could desire. I could not see his face as I spoke, for his eyes were bent on the ground, and his head was lowered.

"A week passed away after this and the success which had attended our efforts suddenly deserted us. I could not account for it. My movements were as secret and as energetic as formerly, and I felt sure that we had not yet damaged the Thugs to a sufficient extent to warrant our departure, but each day recorded new failures for us. Somehow I could not help connecting Ali with our want of success, though for the life of me I could not tell why I should do so, and I did my best to banish the suspicion as both ungenerous and unjust.

"Toward the close of the week I sent out a party with a better prospect of success than had been vouchsafed to us during the past seven days. That night, feeling somewhat worn down by my constant exertions, I retired early without undressing.

"I could not have been sleeping very soundly, for I was awakened by a slight rustling in my tent. I endeavored to spring up, but in an instant I was seized by a powerful hand, and a handkerchief, which is the instrument used by the Thugs in their work, was twisted around my neck. I managed to thrust my left hand between the fold of the handkerchief and my throat, and thus prevented the scoundrel from strangling me at once. By a powerful effort I succeeded in gaining my feet, but the fellow hung on to me with almost superhuman strength. I was counted then one of the most powerful men in the army, and I was much larger and heavier than my antagonist, but it was just as much as I could do to keep him from mastering me. By the dim light of the moon which struggled in through the opening of the tent I recognized in my adversary my native spy Ali. Like lightning it flashed across my mind that the whole affair was a plot. Ali had been sent to win my confidence and throw me off my guard. The shooting of the Thug a week back had been simply a part of the plot. I knew that I had a powerful and desperate man to deal with, and I nerved myself to the task before me.

"The fellow's grip on the handkerchief was like that of a vice, and it seemed that he would crush my left hand. The strain on my throat was terrible, and I felt that unless it was released very speedily I would be at his mercy.

"A novel and desperate plan presented itself to me in this emergency, and I at once proceeded to put it into execution.

"Bracing myself for a mighty effort, I sank back slowly, as if being gradually overcome, and Ali with a triumphant glance tightened his grip on my throat, and bent over me until his flashing eyes were just above my face. With a sudden bound I sprang forward, recovering myself and throwing Ali backward. At the same instant I spit, with true aim, a mouthful of tobacco-juice straight into his eyes. Thoroughly astounded and thrown off his guard he relinquished his hold on the handkerchief, and with a yell of pain clapped his hands to his eyes. This was just what I had expected, and in another instant I put him out of the way of doing more harm by sending a pistol-bullet through his head.

"The next morning the expedition I had sent out returned, bringing two prisoners with them. From these I learned that my would-be assassin was no other than the notorious chief of the Thugs, Runjheet, who had sworn to take my life in revenge for the damage I had inflicted upon his sect.

"In a month more I returned to Calcutta, having thoroughly accomplished the work assigned me."

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1866.

THE UNION PARTY.

THOSE who are anxious to know the exact policy of the Union party must remember that there has been no general Convention of the party to lay down a platform since the end of the war; and that, consequently, its policy must be sought in the resolutions of State Conventions, in the action of Congress at its last session ending in July, and in the general tone of the Union press. Looking at such authorities, it is perfectly clear that the present policy of the Union party is the requirement of the pending Amendment as the indispensable preliminary condition to the restoration of the unrepresented States. There is a feeling in one part of the party that it is not altogether wise to insist upon such a condition; and there is another feeling in another part that no State should be restored except upon condition of equal suffrage. But those who hold these views in either extreme, as for instance the *Tribune* and the *Evening Post*, reserving their differences, act with the mass of the party which requires the adoption of the Amendment as the cardinal condition.

Congress, indeed, properly declined to commit its future action by any declaration upon the subject. But by the Report of the Reconstruction Committee it proposed the Amendment, which, in its judgment, was essential to restoration, and it promptly restored Tennessee upon the adoption of the Amendment. Virtually, therefore, Congress said that, in the present condition of public feeling, it was satisfied to admit a State which should do as Tennessee has done. The New York Union Convention, following the lead of Congress, declared that it should be glad to see any State restored which should adopt the Amendment; and, by common consent, the question to be decided at the elections is, whether such adoption shall be required as the condition of restoration?

This policy is practically opposed by the Democratic party only. Its habit of subserviency to the political interest known as "the South" is so strong that it is actually going before the States which have just subdued the rebellion of "the South" upon the proposition that they shall lose political power in consequence of their success! And this party charges revolution and treason and disunion and tyranny and want of Christian charity upon the people of Wisconsin, for instance, because they are not willing that Georgia, with a white population of less than 600,000, shall have seven representatives, while Wisconsin, with nearly 800,000 white population, will have only six! This is a more absurd and suicidal platform than the proposition of surrender to the rebellion which the same party made at Chicago in 1864. Indeed nothing more clearly proves the loss by that party of the shrewdness which marks a living and hopeful organization than this kind of stupidity. How can a party expect popular support which seriously proposes to the white people of the free States that after 1870 a thousand votes in the late rebel States shall be equal to more than two thousand in the loyal States?

It is not surprising, as the New York *Times* truly remarks, that, however desirous the loyal people of the country may be to have all the States again represented, they would much prefer a continuance of the present situation to the renewed ascendency of a party whose servile and reckless subservience to the most unjust and perilous demands of a spirit which is incompatible with the peaceful permanence of the Union produced the war; which in the midst of the war proposed surrender to rebellion; and which, now that the war is over, insists that those who rebelled shall have gained political power. Finding that this is the alternative, those who, like the *Times*, counseled another policy than that which the Union party has adopted, still prefer to intrust the Union to its tried friends rather than to its proved enemies. And this again is natural; for our late political history shows that, however unwise some conspicuous and most faithful Union men may be, the general good sense of the party dictates a reasonable, just, and humane policy—a policy which is alike mindful of human nature and of the structure of our political system.

Yet it must be remembered that in times like these convictions rapidly ripen and measures change. When President LINCOLN overruled the emancipation orders of Generals FREMONT and HUNTER he said that, in doing so, he did not question the rightful power of the Government to do what they had done; but he was not satisfied that the time had come, and if it should come, he held that he was the proper officer to take the responsibility. The time, however, did come, and came rapidly; and the Commander-in-Chief, who opposed the partial emancipation of his Generals, issued a decree of general emancipation. The present policy of the Union party is the expression of its present conviction. In perfect good faith it proposes to restore the unrepresented States upon condition of their adoption of the Amendment. Their refusal would create an entirely new situation, to meet which there would undoubtedly arise a new policy. But they will not refuse. Two years ago JEFFERSON DAVIS passionately exclaimed that he would rather fraternize with hyenas than with Yankees. Now a Mr. KELLEY reports him as declaring that not even all radicals are bad men. When the unrepresented States see that the sentiment of the victorious country is as steady as the north star, they will take a course which will bring them all safely into port.

CARLYLE AND GOVERNOR EYRE.

THE reception in England of Mr. EYRE, the late Governor of Jamaica, is curiously illustrative of English character. The accounts of the massacre of the colored population in Jamaica after the troubles had been repressed, the wanton murder of GEORGE WILLIAM GORDON after a mock trial, were so appalling that the outraged conscience of England compelled the Government to supersede Mr. EYRE and to send out a special commission to investigate the facts. After a prolonged and thorough examination the commission reported, and evidently as tenderly as it could. But it was unable to deny that there had been a severity amounting to cruelty. Its mild-spoken official verdict, translated into plain English, was simply that the measures of Mr. EYRE were revoltingly inhuman. Mr. JOHN STUART MILL proposed in Parliament that he should be brought to trial for the murder of GORDON, and he is the chairman of a Committee to secure justice in the case. The whole liberal party in England share the feeling that the honor and humanity of the British name have been indelibly disgraced by Mr. EYRE's conduct.

In the month of August Mr. EYRE returned to England, and a banquet was immediately offered him at Southampton, where he landed, by various noblemen and gentry of the vicinity. The speeches were by the Earl of CARDIGAN for the regular army, by the Earl of HARDWICKE for the navy, and by other untitled persons for the militia and volunteers; by the Earl of SHREWSBURY for the nobility, and by the Reverend CHARLES KINGSLEY, author of "Alton Locke" and "Yeast," and now Professor of History at Cambridge, for humanity in general. Mr. KINGSLEY's speech was the most atrocious and silly performance of the kind that has been lately known. Its atrocity was in the declaration that he took Mr. EYRE "upon trust;" which course he justified by the puerile assertion that "if they gave up taking men upon trust, especially rulers and official men, there would be nothing in the world but anarchy, which would be followed by despotism, and in due time by a big tyrant who would not take the people upon trust." Mr. KINGSLEY's folly was in his abject snobbishness. He declared the aristocracy of England to be "second in political value only to the most sacred of all institutions, the monarchy itself." An English

nobleman was in his opinion the incarnate chivalry of Britain. The aristocracy "adopted into its ranks all the genius, all the talent, all the virtue, and he was afraid a great part of the beauty," which was a daring proposition for a Professor of History. Finally, he thought it possible that, "after wider and deeper services" upon the part of Mr. EYRE, the House of Lords might have the honor of welcoming him to their society as "not the least nobleman in that august and ancient assembly." So ends Mr. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

But the saddest fact of the whole is, that at a meeting of the Committee of "the Eyre Defense Fund" THOMAS CARLYLE took the chair—regretting, as he did so, that it was not filled "by some nobleman of power and influence"—his own Sir Jabesh Windbag, for instance. He added that it was the solemn duty of the Committee to attack, by all fair methods, the fallacy that the people of England did not approve the course of Mr. EYRE. Mr. S. C. HALL and HENRY KINGSLEY were of the same opinion. This is the natural consequence of CARLYLE'S deification of mere brute force, and his worship of FREDERICK THE GREAT as a hero. For the question is not whether a magistrate ought to enforce the law at all hazards; but whether, after the suppression of a riot, an exasperated soldiery should be allowed to shoot, hang, burn, and ravage at their pleasure? Honor, decency, humanity, the moral sentiment, are all rose-water and sentimental rubbish to the mind of CARLYLE. The most ferocious inhumanity and remorseless oppression are proofs of a noble and efficient manhood. How CARLYLE will rejoice over the anti-rose-water slaughter of Union men in New Orleans! How he will write dithyrambics to Mayor MONROE and President JOHNSON, and be devoutly grateful that while Thugs do their unbridled pleasure there is still hope for the world! The thanks of the meeting were appropriately moved by an army Captain, and seconded by a Captain in the navy.

The story of such proceedings is a more appalling Latter-Day pamphlet than ever CARLYLE wrote. They reveal the tendency of the British mind to confound ferocity with heroism, and the bloody frenzy of fear with the might of real force. Friendlessness and misfortune are getting to be unpardonable and contemptible crimes; and brutal force, however obtained and however employed, the sole admirable quality in human affairs. In CARLYLE'S opinion Ireland ought to be put under water for twenty-four hours. "Quashee" and "Sambo" are noxious impertinences in creation, who ought to be caught, enslaved, and scourged forever. Constitutional government is a sham and a folly. MACHIAVELLI said long ago that a government of the people was an impossibility —and I believe it, says CARLYLE. Desolate, embittered, his mind and heart awry, he strives with his last strength to lead a reaction against Christianity and Civilization, and it is the most tragical spectacle of this time. Conservatism, of course, gladly hails him as its ally; but the struggles of his age can not repair the effects of the stalwart blows of his youth. The spirit of human fraternity, which he as much as any man has infused into the better mind of England, animates that powerful party to which the future in that country belongs. He himself has educated those who most surely oppose his present influence. "I believe the working-classes of England would rather there should be no House of Lords than see a man of the Governor EYRE stamp there," said one of the speakers at a meeting to protest against the sentiments of the Southampton banquet.

Mr. EYRE may not be brought to a formal trial; but there is no more doubt that he is permanently disgraced in the estimation of generous and thoughtful and noble Englishmen than there is that Mayor MONROE is morally responsible for the most cruel murders in the minds of honorable and intelligent Americans.

A PULL ALL TOGETHER.

THERE is very general confidence of the universal success of the Union party at the coming elections; a confidence which is based upon the evident popular perception of the simple justice and rationality of the policy of the party. It is confirmed also by all public events. The elections are a most emphatic declaration of the drift of feeling. The tour of the President revealed both the peril and the folly of confidence in him as the leader of a party. Then the RANDALL Philadelphia Convention was capped and extinguished by that of the loyal Southerners, and the Cleveland Military Convention was lost in the glory of that at Pittsburg. Indeed both the JOHNSON civil and military Conventions have already an appearance of trick. The padlock, as Mr. NAST humorously put it in his picture, was the symbol of the first, and the last was utterly pointless, except in expressing gratitude at a message of approbation from FORREST, whose complicity in the massacre of Fort Pillow has certainly not yet been so fully disproved that Union soldiers should hasten to cheer him.

All these are signs of a profound popular feeling, and a feeling which might reasonably be expected of a people which had revealed its character as it did through the war. But the excitement of midsummer has palpably subsided. That was doubtless the crisis. The massacre of New Orleans settled the President and his policy. The RANDALL Philadelphia Convention was a palpable effort of the Democratic party to resuscitate itself. The Cleveland Military Convention was a political machine in which Mr. DOOLITTLE and Mr. LEWIS D. CAMPBELL were plainly visible pulling the ropes, and the nomination at Albany of Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, a Peace Democrat of the war, was the end of the alliance between the "Conservative Republicans" and the Democracy in this State. The issue is felt to be virtually decided, because it is seen to be merely a question between the old Copperheads of 1864 and the Union party.

But however great our confidence, there should be no relaxation of effort. As in 1864, we want not only a majority, but a conclusive majority. It must not be forgotten that the Executive patronage is devoted to the defeat of the Union party, and that it has wisely not been wholly given up to Copperheads. A party is not demoralized by turning all patronage away from it; and the single shrewd action of the President in his own interest has been the retention in office of such members of the party which elected him as he could hope by that means to alienate from their political friends. That all such will sustain him at the polls is very doubtful—at least they have not taken the most persuasive method to inspire confidence upon any side. Yet there may be a considerable addition from this cause to the forces of the enemy, and this must be duly calculated. In any case, the present contest is of the very highest importance. The complete success of the Union party will do more than any conceivable event for the speedy pacification of the country. The time is but short. Only a month remains; and a month of active work, of a joyful charge all together and all along the line, will secure that triumph and the peace which the soldiers won. No man has any excuse for indolence because of probable victory. The struggle must end not only in victory, but in a rout of the enemy—a rout as of '64.

GENERAL GRANT'S POLITICS.

IT is very amusing to watch the contest of General GRANT with the politicians. The General is evidently the one American who can refuse to make speeches, and who can write letters without committing himself. His reticence and brevity are equally remarkable. Of course we are of opinion that every American citizen should have an opinion upon public affairs, and be willing to say what it is; but there is more than one method of saying it. We understand also why the General of the armies and the Lieutenant of the Commander-in-Chief should decline to express himself directly upon his Commander's civil policy. And the skill with which he does not directly express himself is truly admirable; while the zeal with which the Presidential orators and journals claim his sympathies for the Presidential policy is not wisely tempered with discretion, for it compels the General to say that they do so without authority.

Thus Mr. KERR, candidate for Congress, in a speech somewhere in Indiana, announced the General as a supporter of the President's policy. Proof was demanded, and Mr. KERR produced a letter written to him by General HILLYER, of New York. General GRESHAM, Mr. KERR'S opponent, still doubtful, wrote to General GRANT. The General replied by sending him a copy of a letter which he had written to General HILLYER, of which it may be said that the meaning was perfectly clear. After saying to General HILLYER that he had heard of his letter, General GRANT says: "You nor no man living is authorized to speak for me in political matters, and I ask you to desist in the future." It will be refreshing to see the General again claimed for the President's policy.

It is a peculiarity of epistolary correspondence that those which express much often say nothing, and those which express nothing sometimes say very much.

NORTH AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE recent political action in North and South Carolina is very significant. The Union State Convention at Raleigh, in accordance with the spirit of the article from the Raleigh *Standard*, which we recently published, urged upon the Legislature the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment now pending, and recommended the people every where to demand it of their representatives. In the spirit of that Amendment it professed its desire to co-operate with any action that the wisdom of Congress and of the Executive may devise for full restoration without "obstinate adherence to any special plan or policy;" and it nominated for Governor General ALFRED DOCKERY, who had no connection with the causes of the rebellion, and who has been true to the Union. This is a very rapid and instructive advance of public sentiment; and even if the Union party are not able to carry the election these proceedings show that it is very intelligently organized, and holds an attitude of wise adaptability to events.

The action of the special session of the South Carolina Legislature is not less interesting. It has passed a bill to declare the rights of persons lately known as slaves or as free persons of color. The text of this bill defines their rights as in the Civil Rights bill passed by Congress, excepting the right of marrying at pleasure—a restriction which seems about as unnecessary as any that could be devised. The passage of this bill shows extraordinary good sense. But the fact that the State preferred to originate the law instead of adopting it in the form of the Amendment proposed by Congress, indicates a present unwillingness to conform to the situation, which, we hope, will not long endure. Certainly a Legislature which is willing to do it in one way can not wisely, under the circumstances, refuse to do it in the other; for the Legislature must see that, however wise its action may be in itself, the very object of the Constitutional Amendment is to defend the civil rights of citizens of the United States in whatever State they may reside from the whims or wickedness of the people of that State. When equal civil rights are established in the national organic law, they are safe from any interference; but when they exist merely by the pleasure of a State they may be destroyed at the same pleasure.

But the present advantage of this action of the South Carolina Legislature is that it familiarizes the people of the State with the idea of equal civil rights. It abrogates the special legislation of last autumn against the freedmen, and is the sign of a wholesome conviction that the population of the State can not be permanently divided into two hostile classes. It is plainly the beginning of that true equality both of personal and political right which is the final security of every State; and while it does not in the least make the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment by South Carolina less necessary, it certainly makes it much easier.

LUNGS.

No organ in the body is so outrageously interfered with as the lungs. The brain is goaded with unnatural excitements, and the stomach is overtasked and abused, but systematic pressure is not brought to bear upon either of these organs from without. This is done to the lungs in the female, not only preventing them from performing their full function, but repressing their growth, so that they are often of much less volume than they should be to compare with the other organs of the body. This lack of proportion in the human machine, for so it may be regarded, inevitably results in disorder, just as it would in any machine made by man, if some important part were made altogether too small for the other parts.

To appreciate the importance of the lungs as a part of the bodily machinery, let us observe their function and the arrangements for its proper performance. The function of these organs is to effect a change in the blood by means of pure air. The blood that returns to the heart from all parts of the body must be sent to the lungs to be thus aerated in order to fit it to go forth again to the organs. If this were not done it would carry death and destruction, instead of life and growth, wherever it goes. But how is the blood aerated? Not by shaking it up with air in a cavity. This would be man's way of doing it. But the Creator has an arrangement which is not thus rude and ineffectual. The lungs are a mass of minute air-cells. There are millions upon millions of them. Into these the air is fully introduced at every inspiration, and there acts upon the blood in the vessels spread out upon the walls of these cells, of course through very minute pores. You can see how delicate this organization must be. You can also see how important it is that each cell should have its full supply of air in order to perform its work.

Observe now the pains which have been taken in the construction of the chest to secure the free action of all these cell-laboratories, as we may term them. There are no organs that so distinctly proclaim in their exterior arrangements that they must have plenty of room as the organs within the chest. A very elastic frame-work is furnished, composed partly of bones and partly of cartilages, so that the chest may be fully expanded for the introduction of air into the lungs. The cavity of the chest is separated from the cavity of the abdomen below by a large sheet of muscular substance, called the diaphragm, attached all around to the inside of the chest. This is arched upward, making a membranous dome, and it is chiefly by the flattening of this downward that the cavity of the chest is enlarged, causing the air to rush in through the windpipe to fill out all the little air-cells.

It is plain enough to any one that this apparatus is designed to have freedom of motion, and that arrangements of dress should surely permit this. But fashion prescribes smallness of the waist in the female, and so the chest is begirt firmly in its lower part, thus limiting its capacity, and preventing the diaphragm from having its full action. And so early is this pressure begun, and so systematically is it pursued, that the chest and the contained organs are not permitted to attain any thing like their full volume.

Observe now what are the consequences of this constraint. We will suppose that the capacity of the lungs is lessened one-third—that is, that there are one-third less cells in the lungs than there should be. If then the other organs attain their usual size, with the ordinary rate of respiration, the aeration of the blood must be defective to this amount. But this result does not come in full, but is in part prevented by another injury which the system at large sustains from the same source; for the repression of growth in the lungs, lessening the general vigor, represses growth in all the other parts. In such a state of things there is not as much blood in the body as in a vigorous condition, and therefore there is not as much sent to the lungs to be aerated. Still, this general stinting of growth (for such it is) does not so regulate the proportion between the organs as to prevent embarrassment in the lungs, and this nature seeks to remedy by increased frequency in respiration, for the tightly corseted lady always breathes more quickly than one whose chest has its natural freedom.

There is another point to be looked at. Growth repressed by pressure will not be as good and regular as natural, unrestrained growth. The air-vesicles, of which we have spoken, will not be uniformly well constructed and well arranged. They can not, therefore, do their duty perfectly, and will be liable to disease.

There is another point still. With the chest free the hurried circulation caused by occasional strong exercise is prevented from doing violence to the lungs by the means at command for the full expansion of the chest. But crippled in this respect, injury must be done to the delicate cells, and thus the germs of disease are often planted.

Compressing the chest does harm, then, in two ways—by creating a tendency to disease in the lungs themselves, and by impairing the general vigor.

We think it ridiculous and cruel in the Chinese mother to repress the growth of her daughter's feet, but is it really as much so as to repress the growth of lungs? Which organs are most important? Which by their disability most affect the general health? Let American mothers consider whether they do not go beyond the Chinese in foolish and cruel obedience to the mandates of fashion.

LITERARY.

"Spanish Papers," in two volumes, by WASHINGTON IRVING (published by HURD & HOUGHTON, New York), consist, for the most part, of miscellaneous papers left by WASHINGTON IRVING at his death, and only partially prepared for publication, which his son PIERRE IRVING has edited and presented to the public, to complete the series of IRVING'S works. Some of the papers have appeared before in periodicals, and a book containing a few of them was published some years ago, but is now out of print. The matter is semi-legendary; but is not, therefore, of any less historical value. The legends of a romantic people are valuable not merely as myths, but are a reflex of its history during that period in which legends and facts are blended together in such a way that it is hard to tell where the former end or the latter begin. And all who have read IRVING'S "Conquest of Granada" will admit that a narrative told by this most graceful of American authors gains rather than loses in interest from the legendary guise in which it is presented. We find in these papers the same fidelity to his subject, and the same graces of style, which have made all of IRVING'S works so popular.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

THE Editor of *Harper's Weekly* acknowledges the receipt of excellent photographs of the Ruins of the Bridge at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, from BRADY & Co.'s National Photograph Gallery, 352 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington. This favor, one of very many received from the same source, unfortunately came too late to be made available; but our thanks are none the less due to BRADY & Co. for their courtesy.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE President has appointed Hugh Ewing, of Kansas, to be Minister Resident at the Hague.

General Dix took formal possession of the New York Naval Office on the 1st inst., and assumed the duties attached to his new commission as Naval Officer of the port.

The Augusta (Maine) *Farmer* of September 27 says: "On Monday of the present week—just fifty-three weeks from the day of the great fire in this city in September, 1865—the workmen, in clearing out the ruins of the Stanley House, found that the bricks at the bottom of the cellar were so hot as to render it impossible to handle them. The coal that was in the cellar was also alive with heat. Pieces of the latter, and also of the bricks, were, when brought into our office, too hot to be retained in the hands."

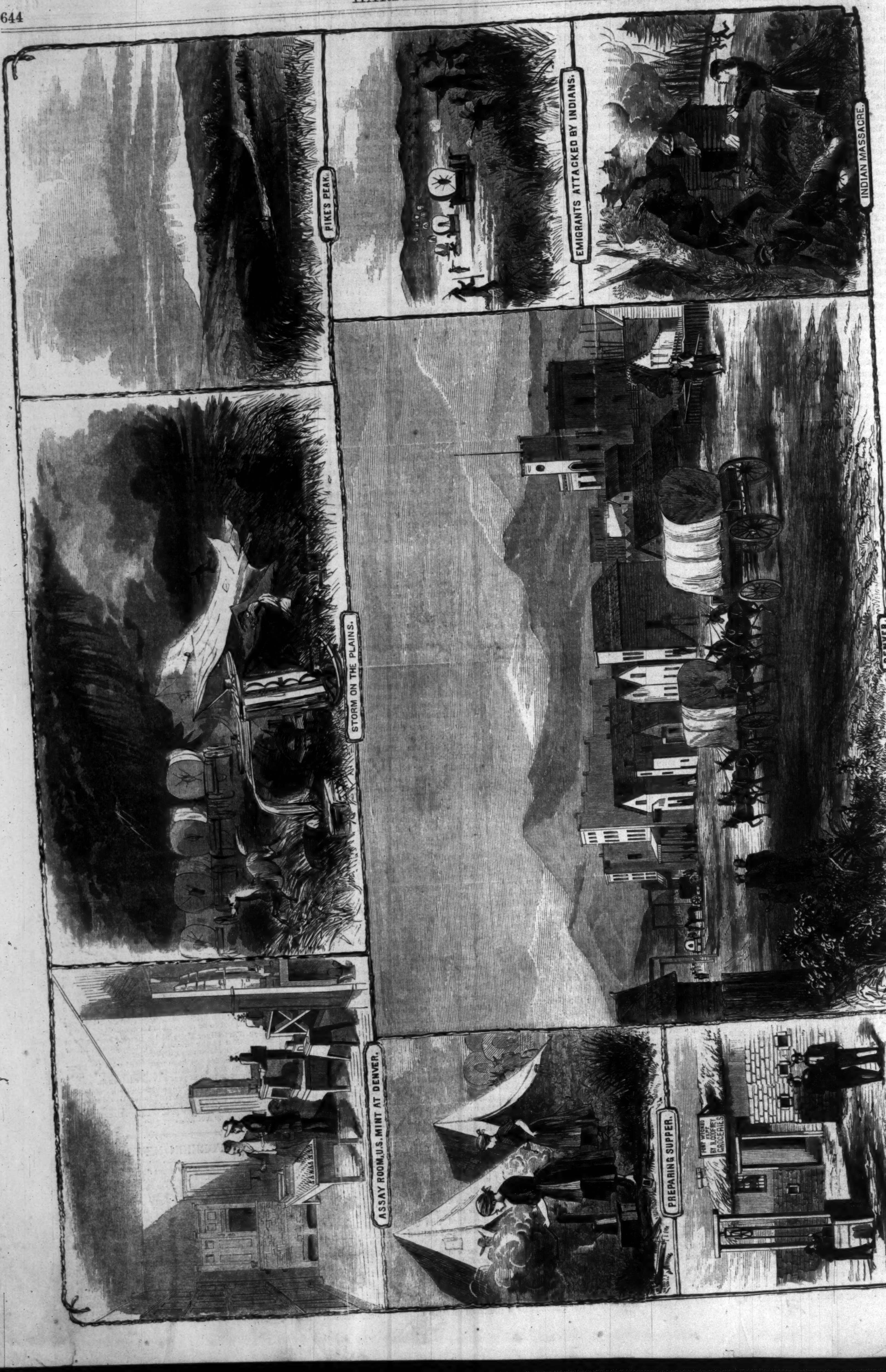
Hon. John Minor Botts had a narrow escape from being killed at the railroad dépôt in Newark, New Jersey, on the evening of September 25.

W. J. Valentine has been associated with Professor Agassiz as the United States Commissioners from Massachusetts to next year's Paris exhibition.

The proposition made to send from California a section of the "Original Big Tree" to the World's Fair at Paris is said by Dr. Macgowan to be impracticable, for want of a saw long enough to cut it. The cutting will require a saw 40 feet long.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Ocean Telegraph gives us dispatches up to Friday, September 28. Count Bismarck is seriously ill. Prussia can ill afford to spare at this time the services of this bold and sagacious statesman. The Prussian Chamber of Deputies has passed the loan bill, the ministers having agreed to a reduction of 30,000,000 thalers. The Diet has been prorogued. It is reported that Spain has accepted the mediation of France and England between herself and the South American Republics. A Military Commission has been sent by the Italian Government to Venetia to take possession of war material. The Archduchess Carlotta is visiting the Pope at Rome. Great Britain is still dispatching troops to Canada. Advices from Paris by the *Cuba's* mails state that the Marquis de Ga[illegible]fet goes as Civil Administrator with General Castelnau to Mexico. A dispatch from Madrid says the Spanish Government have been informed that the negotiations undertaken by the United States Government to bring about a peace between Chili and Spain were progressing favorably.



LIFE ON THE PLAINS.—From Sketches by Mr. James F. Gookins.—[See Page 654.]

LITTLE AZURE BLUE.

Once upon a time a poor bird-catcher was wandering along a stony, dangerous path up the Montagne Noire. His cloak was torn, his shoes were worn out, his knapsack was empty. He carried a number of cages tied together, but they were empty too, and he walked with the slow step of a tired man who has lost heart, and hardly cares to reach his journey's end. Otherwise he would have been afraid to linger so late on the Montagne Noire, where witches and wizards had their head-quarters, and all manner of evil spirits reside. That day, and many before it, he had not sold a bird or a cage; indeed the birds seemed to have fled out of the land, and the inhabitants would have been glad to do the same if they could, war and famine were so sore in it. He walked slower and slower, and at last he sat down, and looked from the mountain side far away across the country, where the sun was setting the color of a marigold in a pale sky; but he saw nothing, for his eyes were full of tears. The last sunbeams shone through them, and so dazzled him that a tall grave man in a flowing brown robe was close to him before he had noticed him. The bird-catcher started, thinking of sorcerers and spirits who take deceitful shapes; but he looked again, and made up his mind that this was no sorcerer but a good monk. He held out his hand, asking charity in a hasty, ashamed way.

"Thou hast an honest trade and shouldst take shame to beg," was the answer, while the new-comer looked gravely down upon him.

"Alas! holy father, who is there to buy my cages or my birds? You know yourself that the Spaniards have burned our towns and wasted our fields, and now the plague is on us."

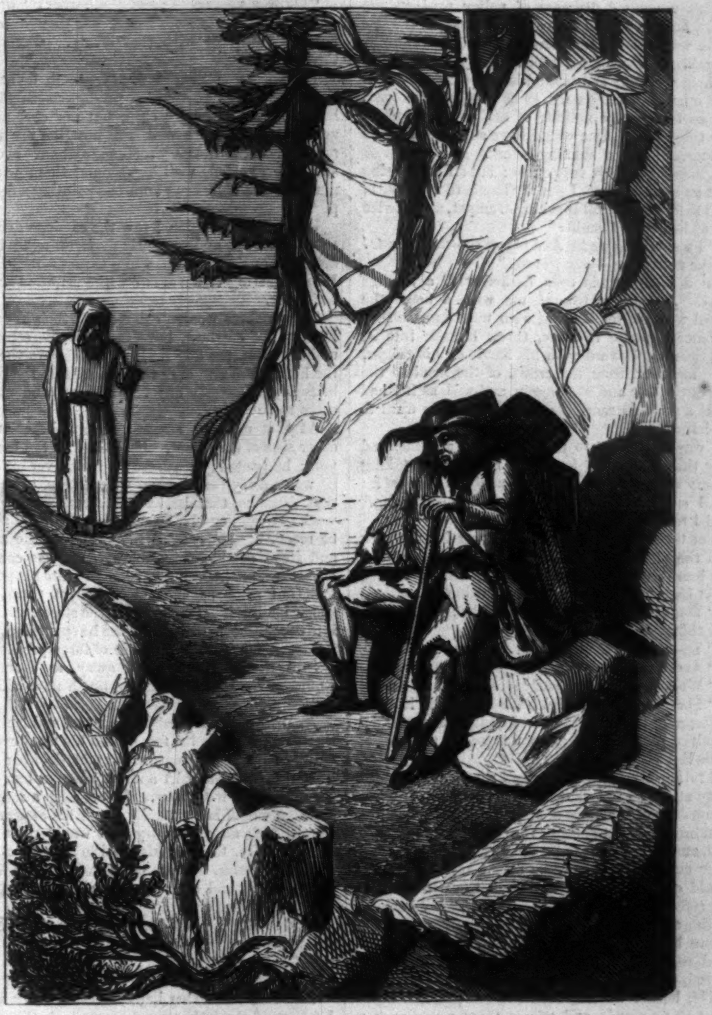
"Alas! it is too true," said the monk, sorrowfully, "and the rich oppress the poor, and the poor have no pity upon one another. But if you, Raymond Caylon—"

"You know my name!" exclaimed the bird-catcher, alarmed, and for a moment again suspecting sorcery; but his eyes sank ashamed as he met the grave, lofty look of the monk, who without answering his question went on: "When it is in your power to help others, remember what you felt in your own need. Show me your cages."

"This is the largest and best made."

"Return home; it is a league hence; but take courage, good news is waiting for you there. As soon as you arrive open the window, set the cage on the table, and say, 'Little Azure Blue, do your duty.' Farewell, Raymond Caylon."

Raymond would have caught at the brown floating robe to detain the monk, and ask a dozen questions, but it vanished out of his grasp, and only a few drops of dew remained in his hand. The monk was gone, and no trace of him was left; but Raymond fell on his knees among the evergreen oaks, and crossed himself in awe, for he knew now that he had seen St. Stapier.



THE TIRED BIRD CATCHER AND THE MONK.

You may be quite sure that he hastened home as fast as he could: have you never yourselves forgotten that you were tired and out of heart when some unexpected delight has proved to be awaiting you? Without stopping to rest a moment after he had reached his cottage, he put the cage on the only table in it, and said, in a trembling voice, "Little Azure Blue, do your duty." In a moment a sky-blue bird came flying in, perched in the cage, and began to sing a song so wild and sweet that there are no words to tell what it was like. And while it sang the table became covered with dainty dishes, fish and game and fowl, a roasted peacock, a boar's head—dishes which only nobles ate of, and they not every day. Raymond stood gazing, too much amazed to eat; he only repeated "St. Stapier! St. Stapier! St. Stapier!" like one out of his wits, till hunger reminded him sharply that these good things were there to be eaten; and then he was about to fall to, when the thought of all the poor starving creatures in the village, as hungry as himself, crossed his mind, and he hurried out to bid them to the feast, as the good saint had enjoined him. The cottage was soon more than full; men, women, and children came, lean and pale with long want, but their great wonder almost took away their appetite. They eat on the floor, they crowded round the table, they stood outside, and there was abundance for all. Such a day had never been known in the village, even in the good old days before the Spaniards wasted the land, and the sire de Chaufontaine became their seigneur. A murmur ran through the little crowd that surely the lord of Chaufontaine would hear of this marvelous bird, and then—! But Raymond said that St. Stapier would surely protect his own gift. While they were yet speaking of this matter low and anxiously, like oppressed men, the sweet song of the bird suddenly ceased; it spread its blue wings and was gone in a moment. All looked on dismayed, all wondered whether it would ever return again; but Raymond's faith in St. Stapier was firm, and he assured them that the next day Azure Blue would provide another feast. And he was right. Day after day the whole village was fed; day after day Azure Blue sang his magic song, till a good harvest had brought back plenty to the country, and the Spaniards and fever had both left the land. And then, and not till then, did the seigneur of Chaufontaine hear of the gift which St. Stapier had made to Raymond Caylon.

No one ever heard who betrayed the secret kept so long, but one day a squire came from Chaufontaine with an order that Raymond should follow him instantly, with his cage, to the presence of his master. Raymond trembled as he unwillingly set out; all the villagers stood sorrowful at their doors and watched him go by, for they were sure that, even if he came back safe, it would be without the precious cage. The sire de Chaufontaine looked grim when Raymond came before him. "Is it thou," he cried, "who hast kept this treasure to thyself all these months past? a treasure not fit for peasants, for whom black bread and chestnuts are too good. It was thy duty to have brought it to me—thy lord! Thou dost merit death for this base knavery; but none can say that I am an ill lord; fix thy price, and it shall be paid thee."

Raymond looked helplessly dismayed. Not a vassal far or near dared disobey the sire de Chaufontaine; yet he faltered out, "My lord, I may not barter away the gift of St. Stapier!"

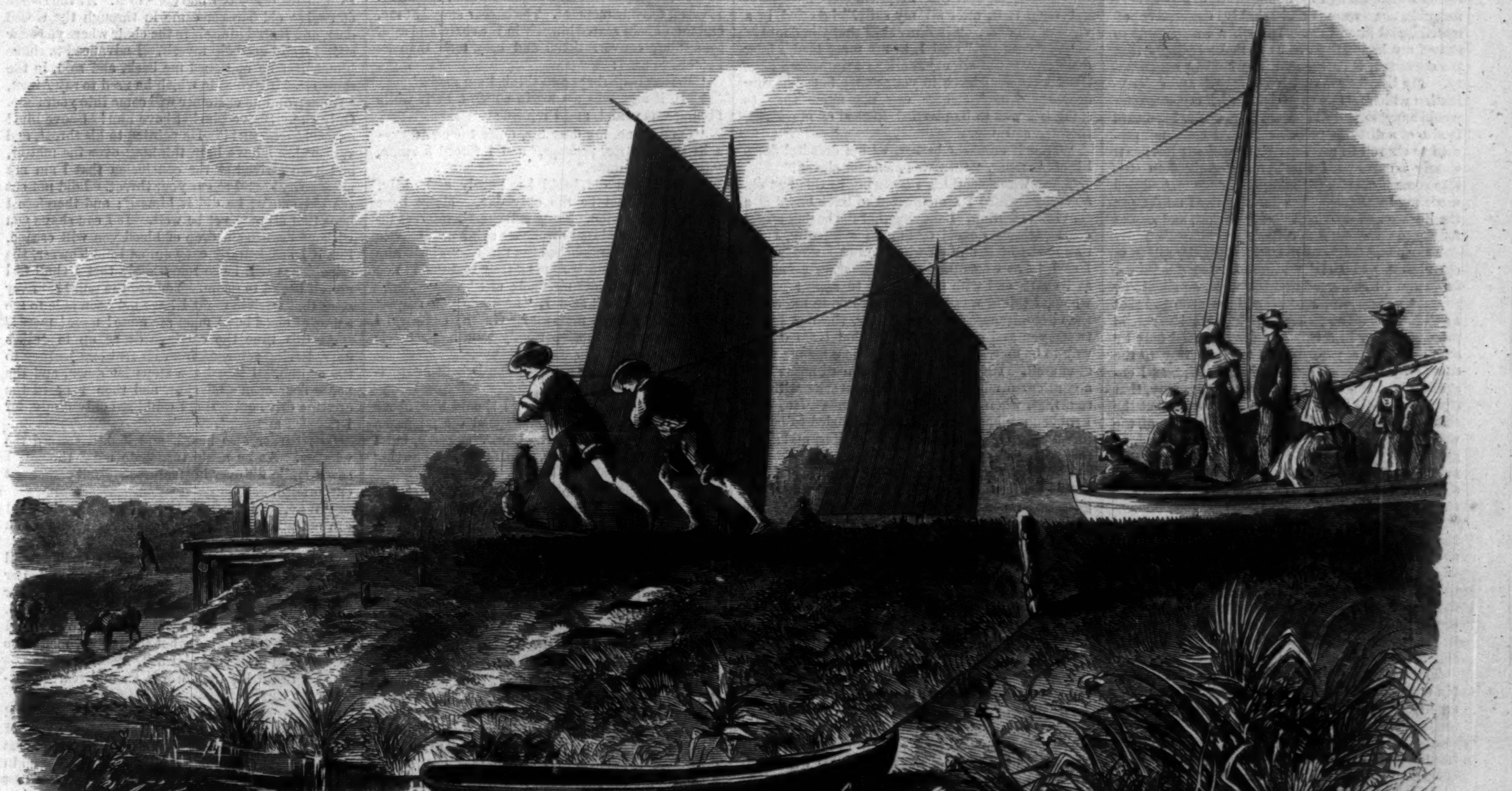
"Fool!" answered the baron. "Hast thou heard of my chamber of roses?"

Too well did all his vassals know that name; some had seen the inside of that dungeon deep down in the old gray tower of the castle, where the baron tortured poor wretches who had displeased him. He called it in cruel mockery his chamber of roses, and laughed to see the bird-catcher turn pale.

"Choose!" he repeated; and Raymond seeing there was in truth no choice, hoped that St. Stapier would forgive him—surely he would if he knew the sire de Chaufontaine—so asked boldly for the Mill of Croissac in payment for his cage.

"No more?" laughed his lord. "That shalt thou have; and here is my notary to draw up a deed of gift. Master notary, write that the Mill of Croissac belongs to Raymond Caylon and his heirs forever, and make it sure."

The baron put his large seal at the bottom of the parchment, and Raymond went away, on the whole well pleased, though he had left the cage behind him. Scarcely was he gone when the sire de Chaufontaine sent messengers all over Languedoc to invite his noble friends to a banquet where one single bird should furnish the feast. They came from far and near; the hall was decked, the tables covered with dishes, but all empty; the guests stood in wonder looking at their host. "Silence, noble lords," he said. "Listen!" and placing the cage on the table he shouted, "Little Azure Blue, do your duty." There was a deep silence of expectation. Suddenly through the open window with a great noise of wings entered a gray bird; its eyes were



ACADIANS HAULING BOATS—A SCENE ON THE BAYOU LAFOURCHE, LOUISIANA.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 654.]

yellow and large, its beak and claws sharp. It perched in the cage, uttered three loud shrieks, and went as it had come.

There was no feast at Chaufontaine that day; the guests went away hungry, leaving the baron in such a rage as no one had seen him in before, which is saying much. Doubtless he would have been revenged on Raymond Caylon, but he had not time. He fell ill of some unknown sickness that day, and died before the week's end. And the Caylons are still at the Mill of Croissac.

JANETTE'S HAIR.

"Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet—"
For the world to me had no daintier sight
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders white,
As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet;
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your wrist,
'Twas a thing to be braided, and jeweled, and kissed—
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet!

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,
It was sinewy, bristled and brown, my pet,
But warmly and softly it loved to caress,
Your round white neck and your wealth of tress,
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Janette,
Revealing the old, dear story, my pet,
They were gray, with that chastened tinge of the sky
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly—
And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips—but I have no words, Janette,
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet,
When the spring is young, and the roses are wet
With dew-drops in each red bosom set,
And they suited your gold-brown hair, my pet.

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette,
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet;
But so gentle the bondage my soul did implore
The right to continue your slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

* * * * * * *

Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette,
With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair, my pet;
In the darkness of desolate years I moan,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

Miles O'Reilly.

UNEASY SHAVING.

I wonder whether a man is more likely to be sleepless on the night before he is married or on the night before he is hanged! I have experience of only the more blissful of these two kinds of anticipation; but I confess that the night before I was to be joined to my beloved Julia in the bonds of wedlock was one of the most restless I ever passed in my life. I am a timid man, a nervous man, a man ever painfully conscious of all his defects and deficiencies, but never before had I felt such a poignant regret that I could not add a couple of inches to my stature; and when I reflected that I had never had the courage to reveal to Julia a carefully-concealed bald spot on my head, which she would now be sure to discover, to my shame and confusion, my remorse was terrible.

I got up in the morning at a not very early hour, and dressed myself with scrupulous care in garments which, though by no means of overpowering magnificence, were unmistakably suggestive of matrimonial intentions. But when I attempted to shave, my hand shook so as to make it likely that the operation, if persevered in, would be sanguinary. My beard grows with a strength and determination which no one acquainted with my character would suppose possible unless he saw it. My beard is also of a dirtyish yellow color. I could not proceed to church to meet my bride without having it closely removed. I therefore determined to step into some barber's shop and get it done. And so I made my breakfast with what appetite I might, put the license and the ring into my pocket, and set out for the town where Julia lived.

This town was about twenty minutes by rail from our village, and I arrived there in very good time. Julia and I had agreed that our wedding should be as quiet as possible; and it had been arranged that I should walk alone to the church, while she should proceed thither in a carriage, accompanied only by an uncle and a younger sister. My way to the church lay by Julia's door, and, so much was I engrossed by thoughts of the coming ceremony, that it was not until I had arrived at that point that the sight of a barber's pole on the opposite side of the way reminded me that I had not yet got shaved. I glanced at Julia's window, but I was so early that no one was visible, and there was as yet no sign of a carriage at the door. I looked at my watch and stepped into the barber's shop.

The window of the shop fronted the street, but the door was up a little court by the side—so that, as the barber happened to be looking out of window when I entered, I could not see the barber's face, neither did the barber see me. It seemed as if he did not hear me either; seating myself in a chair in the middle of the shop, and placing my hat on a form, I said, in a mild tone of voice: "I want a shave, if you please."

The barber did not move, and the expression of his countenance—as far as could be inferred from an inspection of the back of his head—was one of melancholy abstraction.

Again I said, in a somewhat louder tone: "I will trouble you to shave me, if you please."

Still the barber did not move.

Surprised at this, I called out in a sharper manner: "I want a shave!"

The barber, with a callous indifference to all precedent, remained unmoved.

I fancied he must be deaf, and next time concentrated all the power of my lungs—which would have otherwise been diffused over a whole sentence—into a most emphatic pronunciation of one word: "*Shave!!*"

This unwonted firmness of policy produced its effect, and the barber turned toward me.

He was a tall young man, slender but well built, tolerably good-looking, with a dark mustache, but without whiskers or beard; his eyes were large and well opened, but appeared, as he first looked toward me, as if they saw nothing of me, or my beard, or any thing else. One would have supposed that he had never heard of shaving before.

I thought all this very queer; but still supposing that he must be deaf, I put my hands to my mouth, so as to form a natural speaking-trumpet, and bawled out as loudly as I could:

"I want a—*shave!* And please to—make *haste!* I have a pressing—*engagement!*"

In a moment his eyes flashed with a strange light. Advancing toward me with a bound he seized a chair, set it down with most unnecessary violence opposite to mine, threw himself into it, and, leaning forward with his hands on his thighs, eyed me over, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot and back again, and said, as if I had made a most extraordinary request: "You want to be shaved?"

I was beginning to be alarmed at all this, and only thought now of beating a retreat; so, taking out my watch, I said: "Well—a—I did think of it; but I see I have not time now. Good-morning." And I rose to go away.

But the barber rose also; and, pressing me back into the chair by main force, stood over me with one hand on each of my shoulders, while I looked up at him in utter terror and astonishment.

"You came into this shop," said he; "you came into this shop to be shaved?"

"Ye—yes," was all I could stammer out.

"And by me?"

"Well, I—I suppose so."

"Then baste me," cried he, "but I'll do it!"

Stepping to the door, he locked it in the most determined manner, and put the key into the pocket of his light linen jacket.

I rather take credit to myself that I did not faint away at once; but that, on the contrary, I began to consider my chances of escape. The barber was certainly mad, but perhaps I might be able to pacify him, and induce him to let me go; or perhaps some other customer might come in. Surely somebody would come! I looked through the window, but the street was quiet and still. A dog lay basking in the sun; a horse seemed to be going to sleep where he was tied to the door of a public house next to Julia's dwelling; but scarcely any body passed, and nobody came to be shaved.

The barber went to the little fire-place, took up a pot of soap-suds, and stirred them round with a savage earnestness which I have never seen equaled, and then stropped a razor with such ferocity that I thought my last hour was come. My knees trembled, and a feeling of blindness came over me.

When I had somewhat recovered, I saw the barber again seated in the chair opposite to me; and when our eyes met, he said: "Ah, you tremble! Say, do you doubt my skill?"

"Oh no; oh dear no; quite the contrary," I replied.

"Do you see this arm?" He rolled up his sleeve. "Does it look muscular?"

"Oh, very, very muscular," I gasped, "exceedingly muscular." And so it did.

"Do you see this razor? Is it keen?"

"Very keen indeed," I replied, with a shudder.

"Do you doubt its ability to shave *you?*"

"Oh no; oh dear no," I replied.

"Then is it, after all, my skill?" he cried, in a voice of thunder. "Is it my skill that you doubt?"

"My dear Sir," said I, in my most blandishing manner, "not at all, not at all. I assure you I have the utmost confidence in your skill; but time, my dear Sir, time." There was not much time to spare if I was to be married, instead of murdered, that fine morning.

"Time!" cried the barber, with a dreadful flourish of his razor, "time was made for slaves!"

There was something reassuring in this last observation, which I remembered to have heard at a convivial meeting. Fancying that the barber might not be wholly devoid of human sympathy, I determined to tell him on what errand I was bound. I said, in as wheedling and insinuating a manner as I could, and with an attempt to appear jocose, which, I think, was highly creditable to me under the circumstances: "My dear Sir, the fact is, between you and me and the post, that I am on my way to be married, and that it is time for me to be at church. Ha, ha! I am sure I need not remind a gentleman who is, no doubt, a favorite with the sex, that, when a lady's in the case— Ha, ha!" I rubbed my hands in a manner intended to be expressive of perfect ease and cheerfulness, and again rose to depart.

But my appeal did not produce the effect I had intended; for the barber started up and waved the glittering razor in my face in such close proximity to my nose that I dropped again into the chair.

And still the street remained quiet, the dog lay basking in the sun, the horse seemed going to sleep outside the public house door, scarcely any body passed, and nobody came to be shaved.

After the barber had ground the china ornament to powder, he again seated himself opposite to me.

"And you would really go to be married with that beard unshaved?"

"Well," said I, endeavoring to propitiate him, "well, I don't know. I think not. I think I won't be married at all, as the idea seems disagreeable to you."

"Disagreeable to me? Quite the reverse," he replied, with a wave of his razor. "It will afford me the greatest pleasure for you to be married; and I'll go to church with you, and while the ceremony is being performed I will assist the officiating clergyman by dancing a hornpipe on the top of the steeple! That is—that is," he whispered in my ear, "*if you survive the shaving.*"

"But, my good Sir," I faltered, "I can go without being shaved. Better for me to be married without being shaved, than to be shaved without being married."

"Quite a mistake," cried the barber; "quite a mistake, I assure you. Never was there a greater fallacy. Married with that beard? Perish the thought!"

Throwing a cloth over my shoulders, he at once began lathering away with prodigious rapidity—lathering not only my chin, but my cheeks, my nose, my ears, my throat, my nostrils, my teeth, my forehead, to the very roots of my hair. My eyes alone he avoided, working around them with as much care as if he were an artist painting a delicate picture.

Under this infliction I saw the carriage drive up to Julia's door, and presently drive off again in the direction of the church; while through its window I saw a fleeting vision of two white veils and a white waistcoat.

Two or three women came out of their houses to look at the carriage, but otherwise the street remained quiet, the dog still lay basking in the sun, the horse kept on going to sleep outside the public house door, scarcely any body passed, and nobody came to be shaved.

At that moment I saw a man walking on the other side of the street. He looked at the barber's pole; he paused; he passed his hand over his chin; he was a dirty-faced man. I could see, even from that distance, that he had not been shaved for a week; surely, surely, he would come, and I should be rescued. He crossed to our side of the street, and stood outside the window. He was coming! He paused again. He put his hand into his pocket, took out some pence, and looked at them. He shook his head. He recrossed the street, and went into the public house. I suppose he spent his money in beer. Oh, that horrid vice of intemperance!

Still the barber lathered away, as though he would never cease, using the brush now with the right hand, now with the left.

Another man stopped in the street and looked at the barber's pole; he, too, passed his hand over his chin. He was a decent, respectable-looking man; had on a cleanish shirt and an average hat. My heart bounded with hope. Surely such a respectable man would be particular about his appearance. Surely such an exemplary man would come to be shaved. He, too, put his hand to his pocket, but, instead of pence, he took out a watch. He looked at his watch and seemed startled. He shook his head and passed on.

And so the dog still lay basking in the sun, and the horse kept going to sleep outside the inn door, and few people passed by, and nobody came to be shaved.

And still the barber kept lathering away at me. I felt as if the lather must be an inch thick upon my face, and of the consistency of clay. I became sick and faint, and there was a buzzing noise in my ears, as if I had been under water.

The barber did not resume the use of the shaving-brush—both he and his soap-suds were pretty nearly exhausted—but he took the razor and passed it once or twice over the strop, and then, pulling a handful of hairs from my head, tried the edge of the blade upon one of them. The hair was split, and the barber appeared satisfied. He raised his left hand and took hold of my nose; he held my nose much more tightly than the exigencies of the occasion required; he twisted my nose about in every direction, he elongated and compressed my nose as if it had been made of gutta-percha. The pastime seemed to afford him grim satisfaction. I forced myself to grin, as though it were a capital joke. At length he ceased and advanced the razor. It was a terrible moment. The barber stared at me, and then again seated himself in the chair, and said, in a more conversational and easy tone than he had before used:

"Perhaps—perhaps you think I am mad?"

This, if any, was a time in which a little white fibbing was venial, and I replied:

"Oh dear no, my dear Sir, quite the contrary—a little eccentric, perhaps," and I forced a smile, "but nothing more."

"Oh, if you did," said he, lightly and airily, "you would not be the only one. Many have shared the delusion. Many persons, themselves insane, have formed that erroneous opinion. But woe to him," and he brandished the razor—"woe to him who does not instantly expel it from his mind! You—you do *not* consider me mad; eh?"

"My dear Sir," said I, "how can you suspect such a thing for a moment? On the contrary, I consider you the most perfectly sane and sensible person I ever met."

"Good. And my conversation is both instructive and agreeable to you?"

"Highly so," I replied. "I should like, above all things, to come back and spend the afternoon with you. But at present—I am very sorry, but I—I fear I must be going. In fact, that pressing engagement I spoke of—"

The comparative mildness of his manner had emboldened me to make this further attempt to escape; but it did not succeed.

He gave me a look which again made me shrink into myself, and said:

"As it is well known, and fully understood both by me and by yourself, that I *must* and *will* shave you, it is right and proper that I should, before commencing that difficult and delicate operation, explain to you the precise position in which we stand. I perceive that, unfortunately, you tremble a good deal; and, moreover, that you have a considerable mole on one cheek, and one or two dangerous-looking pimples on the other. I fear," he shook his head gravely, "I fear that those protuberances may cause most serious, if not fatal, difficulties. It appears to me, then, that, before commencing my arduous task, it will be advisable for me to relate to you a portion of my history, so that you may understand the perilous position in which we are placed."

"Know, then," said he, "that at a former period of my existence I had a shop of a similar kind to this. It was a Saturday evening; business was immense, overwhelming. As the customers stood waiting for their turns they were packed as thick as herrings in a barrel. They were mostly coal-heavers. Coals are beneficial to the growth of beards, though detrimental to razors. Can it be wondered at that my arms grew feeble and my eyelids heavy? I had no assistants—I always scorned assistance. I was happy, for on the morrow, on that very Sunday which was so close at hand, I was to wed my Jemima. O Jemima! It was half past eleven o'clock, and it seemed as if I were to have no more customers that night. But I did not close until twelve, and my razors were all blunted; so I determined to get one of them thoroughly sharp before I shut the shop. I took one, and honed it, and stropped it and stropped it until it was in wonderful order, and fit to shave the down from the cheek of a peach. This razor that I have just prepared for you is the nearest approach to it that I have ever seen."

He passed the razor a few times over the palm of his hand, and resumed:

"It was close on the stroke of twelve. I put up the shutters, and partly closed the door. I was about to turn off the gas, believing that work was over for the night, when one more customer entered. I knew him well. I had shaved him before. He was a little old weazen man. He was the clerk of the parish church, to which I sometimes went. His throat was long and skinny, and its larynx was very prominent. The larynx of *your* throat," and the barber stepped back a pace and looked at me with the air of a connoisseur, "reminds me forcibly of his. He was a bachelor, and was supposed to have money. His name was Towzer!"

The barber was moved to tears. While he wept I looked at my watch; it was twenty minutes after twelve. But the barber seemed more rational than before. I hoped soon to get away.

"The old man seated himself," continued the barber, "and pointed to his chin. I lathered him, and began to shave. I got on very well with his upper lip and the upper part of his chin, but when I came to the regions of the throat, being somewhat sleepy, I made a little slip and drew blood. The old clerk was very angry. I apologized and began again. In an instant, in a moment, a sudden choking fit of coughing seized him, and before I could withdraw my hand his throat came forward with a violent jerk against the keen edge of the razor, and the blood spurted out. He fell down in a wet heap on the floor, and was dead almost directly!"

The barber paused, and pressed his hand to his head. I was horribly startled at this unlooked-for incident in the tale. I had expected something mournfully sentimental about Jemima.

He continued, and his manner again became excited:

"I fled at once; fled all night, all next day, for a week, for a month, for six months; straight on, straight on, through fire, water, wind, hail, snow, fog, mist, thunder, soda-water, and treacle. But the pursuers were on the track, they were close behind, I heard them coming. I escaped them. The means by which I escaped I shall never reveal, as I may want them again. A short time since I arrived in this town. I came, concealed in the steam of an express engine. This shop was to be let. I took it. I put a constraint upon my tongue and upon my features. No one suspected me. Last night was the Towzer anniversary. As it approached I felt that something must happen. I did not go to bed. You would not have had me go to bed, would you? Very well, then, don't look as if you would. I staid alone in the shop. From half past eleven to twelve I employed myself in stropping a razor—this one—as I had done *then*. At the stroke of twelve old Towzer came in through the closed door, and seated himself in the chair where you now sit. I could not help myself. I advanced to shave him. But he motioned me back, and said, in the same creaking voice in which he used to say Amen, 'To-morrow one customer will come into your shop. Only one. Shave him! Shave him! Shave him! *as you shaved* ME!!' He pointed to his throat, and vanished. I have been thinking over the matter, and have arrived at the conclusion that I am not necessarily bound to cut your throat. I did not cut the old man's; he did it himself; and therefore I hope that all may yet be well. If I can shave you without drawing a drop of blood you will escape. But if I accidentally cut you, as I did Towzer, the coincidence will be so remarkable that I shall feel myself bound to go on. You see the point? Ever since that terrible night I have not been able to see a drop of blood but I must see more! more! more!"

At this time the carriage drove up to Julia's door, having returned from its fruitless journey to the church. I heard the steps let down, and the house door open and shut, and then I heard the carriage drive off. But I could see only dimly, for I felt sick and faint.

The barber also heard, and looked toward the window. As he again turned to me I thought I saw a smile flit over his features. I felt somewhat encouraged.

"Why, you are still trembling," he said. "I can not proceed, with any hope of safety, until you are more quiet."

I was glad to hear him say that; for, dreadful as was my present position, any thing was better than that he should commence the use of the razor under the terrible conditions he had mentioned. Lending a somewhat unnecessary aid to nature I shook to such an extent that the barber, mad as he was, looked positively alarmed.

As I heard his next words I could scarcely believe my ears.

"Why, you are getting worse than ever," said he, "and my hand might be more steady too. I had no rest last night. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. Let us take forty winks a piece—you in that chair—I in this. The one who wakes first shall call the other, and then we will proceed to business. A nap will calm our nerves. What do you say?"

"The very thing!" I cried. And oh, how my heart beat with hope! Nothing could have been more favorable to my chances of escape. The key of the door was still in his pocket. I could see the handle of it peeping out. Oh that he would sleep quickly and sleep soundly!

The barber closed his razor, yawned, stretched out his legs, and folded his arms. I stilled my trembling limbs as well as I could, and, at the earliest moment consistent with probability, began to draw my breath regularly, as if asleep. Presently I fancied I heard the barber snore. I ventured to steal a glance at the barber. His eyes were shut, and he was decidedly nodding. He shifted his position, and leaned back in the chair to rest his head. Half a minute more and his breathing became regular, then loud, then outrageous, until he snored like an ogre.

Now was my time! I arose, and two steps brought me to his side. My boots were new boots, and creaked horribly as I stepped. But the barber did not awake. Without trouble or difficulty I drew the key from his pocket. I passed behind his chair. I was at the door. I put the key into the lock, turned it, the door opened easily. I was free! I was gone!

I rushed down the court; I fled up the street; I was without a hat, the shaving cloth was still on my shoulders, my face was thickly covered with lather, so that I must have considerably terrified the persons in the streets. I have since heard that one old lady was frightened into fits. But whither I went, what I did, or what I said, I do not of my own knowledge know at all.

One thing, incredible as it seemed to me at first, I was ultimately compelled to believe. The barber was no more mad than I was. He had come into the town some little time before as an actor at the theatre; but not finding that a very lucrative pursuit, had resumed his original trade of shaving. I believe he had managed to persuade Julia that he did so, solely for love of her; unknown to me he had been for some time her favored suitor; she had already promised to marry him when I cut him out. He was aware that it was my wedding-day, and was brooding over his wrongs when I by fatal chance entered his shop. He knew me by sight, and conceived the idea of taking revenge both on Julia and on myself by preventing me from going to church until canonical hours were past.

He attained his object more fully, perhaps, than he anticipated; for Julia would never have any thing to say to me again, and her door was always closed in my face in the most uncompromising manner possible. To a letter of explanation I sent her she returned a reply to the effect that it made no difference, for she would never marry a poltroon. Yes, that was the word; as if a person in the drapery, grocery, pin and needle, note-paper, bacon, and general line, were required to be a hero! After a little while I gave the thing up, and, unable to withstand the continual jeering of boys and others, sold my business, and retired to another part of the kingdom.

I have since been informed that Julia at last forgave the barber for having caused the mortifying predicament in which she had been placed, and became his wife. He soon after returned to the stage, where he did pretty well, and would have done better, if he had not been somewhat too fond of drink. I hear that Julia hen-pecks him horribly, and leads him by no means an angel of a life; so, perhaps, I am well out of it after all; for if she can serve *him* so, what would she have done by *me?*

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN Mr. May left the breakfast-room next morning Clover softly followed him into the hall.

"Papa, did you say Mr. Jarvis sent you some young plants yesterday?"

"He did send me some, my dear—I don't remember mentioning it."

"Papa, weren't they wilted? will they grow?"

"They were quite fresh, and *ought* to grow," said Mr. May. "Jarvis has a capital gardener, and the plants were put up in first-rate style."

"How were they put up, papa? Will you tell me?" said Clover.

"Why, you curious little mouse," said her father, laughing, "what have you to do with my plants?—they were strawberry plants, not flowers."

"Yes—I know," said Clover, with a blush; "but will you please tell me, papa?"

"Well then," said Mr. May, "they were taken out of the ground very carefully, with the roots uninjured and as much earth as possible clinging to them; and then they were wrapped up, tops and all, in a large cabbage leaf. There is nothing better than cabbage leaves, my dear, for the purpose." And with a kiss and another laugh Mr. May stepped into his buggy and drove away. Clover stood still, thinking for a minute, and then went quietly back into the breakfast-room and began her lessons.

But it might have been seen that morning that Clover was unusually eager to have the lessons end, and never put in the delay of a single question, nor asked for a talk when the recitations were finished; but wore such a grave, preoccupied face all the time, that if she had made any number of mistakes you would hardly have wondered. Every thing went on with the most perfect correctness, however; except that once, in answer to some question in Natural Philosophy, Clover began:

"Take a cabbage leaf—" and then with crimson cheeks stopped short and began again, in the midst of a hearty laugh from every body else.

So the morning passed by, and dinner-time came; and after dinner Mrs. May proposed a walk.

"Do you *wish* me to go, mamma?" Clover said, anxiously.

"Look out at the sunlight—does not that persuade you?" said her mother.

"Yes, mamma, it's lovely; but—"

"But you like books still better. I do not wish you to read away the afternoon, Clover."

"I will not read, mamma."

"Garden work, then? Oh well, do just as you like, my dear."

So the others set off without her, and Clover watched them for a minute with wistful eyes; then put on her business face again, and turned back into the house.

The first thing was to get one of her seed bags and examine it very closely; then laying that on the table for a pattern, Clover turned over all her stores of odds and ends to find some bits of smooth brown paper, greatly to the discomfort of morsels of ribbon and scraps of silk, which were suddenly turned out of house and home. The bottle of mucilage came next upon the table; then a pair of scissors, and pen and ink; and Clover sat down to her work.

Did you ever try to make little brown paper bags for flower seeds? It is an easy matter when you know how; but Clover found that it may make unwonted fingers tremble. It was so hard to cut the paper just even, and to fold it in the middle; and to cut off one edge just enough, and then to fold down over it the other edge, with mucilage between. Then sometimes she put on too much of this, and it ran out and made her fingers sticky; or one corner of paper started up, as much as to say, "There's nothing here to hold *me* fast!" Or the pieces of paper were too small, and she had to make the two sides of her bag separate, and so have a seam all round. The sun was far on his afternoon path when Clover looked down with a sigh and a smile, first at her smeared fingers, and then at six little paper bags, spread out on the rug to dry.

She ran off up stairs to wash her hands, and then taking the bags up one by one, wrote on them with great pains and difficulty (it was such a short way across the bag, and the names were so long!) the titles of some of her beloved flower seeds. Then carefully took from her own store three or four zinnia seeds, and as many of helichrysum, and so on, till the six bags had each a treasure within; folded down the top of each that not one precious seed might escape; and wrapped up all the six in the largest of her bits of brown paper.

But the work was not done yet. Clover looked fondly at her little package for a minute, then put it in her pocket and ran away to the great garden to beg Roger for a cabbage leaf, and went down to her own garden with the air of one whose mind is made up.

It was a little bit of a trial to take up one after another of the young plants that were growing so finely; but if Clover heaved a sigh once or twice she never wavered; going steadily on from one patch of pinks to another, and then to stocks, and then to amaranthus; laying each little seedling carefully in the cabbage leaf, and smoothing down neatly the spot where it had been. Then back to the tool-house where a few flower-pots yet remained, and there took out balsams and other dainty things, until the leaf was quite full. Carefully folding the sides together and binding it all round with a soft string, Clover laid it by her seed package, brought out Mr. Vick's Catalogue and sat down to write. With fingers that trembled from fatigue now, going over the most needful directions for each kind of plant.

The shadows were long, the sunlight fast climbing up the hills, when at last Clover caught up her two parcels and her paper of directions, and ran out to the carriage-house. Hannibal was there, fingering his harness, singing to keep himself company.

"Oh, Hannibal!" said his breathless little mistress, "I thought I heard papa say you were going to the Corners to-night?"

"Sure, Miss Clo'! Wid de harness," explained Hannibal.

"And do you know where little Dick Nobody lives?" said Clover.

"Sartin," Hannibal replied. "Close by de road, not de common road, but de uncommon. Working dere, right in front, de chile is, most days."

"Then please take him all these," said Clover, laying her little parcels in the great black hand of the astonished Hannibal. "And this paper'll tell him what to do with them."

Hannibal looked and pondered.

"S'pose he ask, 'Where they all come from?' Then I say, 'Out o' Miss Clo's own garden, Dick,' hey?"

"Oh, maybe he won't ask," said Clover, blushing. "And I've got more, you know. You'll take them for me, Hannibal?"

"Sure!" said the old coachman, with shining eyes, "safe as little Miss Clo' could herself. What'll de young lady put where these come from now? Sort o' look empty, won't it?"

A fluttering shadow passed over the child's face for a minute, then she looked up and smiled.

"I've got some of all the kinds," she said, "and they're growing beautifully. So maybe they'll fill it all up." And away she ran to the house, and set off along the road to meet the walking party, who were just coming over the brow of the hill.

A strange thing happened that very night. A wandering squirrel, having, it is supposed, no business where he ought to be, came where he had no business to be, even into the tool-house, among the children's plants. The door was fast shut, and so was the window; but the squirrel found for himself a large knot-hole in one of the boards, and through it he went, with only one whisk of his tail. Then fell to peering about in the most impertinent manner, to see if there was any thing fit for his squirrelship to eat; and behold, in one corner, a barrel of pine cones! gathered and stored away there for kindling, or some such purpose. What a feast! the squirrel bit off the little scales of the pine cones, eating the spicy seeds that lay beneath, until he was tired and thirsty too. Something fresh was needed after so much dry provision—an apple, or a green leaf or two. Certainly there was something green in those flower-pots—and away went the squirrel, whisk and skip and hop; then paused at the pot which held Prim's albronia plants, and deliberately ate them up, every one.

No one saw the squirrel do this; only the pine cones told the tale; and when Prim came out next day for her precious albronias, meaning to plant them at once in the open ground, there was nothing but a pot of brown earth.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried little Primrose, "somebody has just come and stolen my albronias, pot and all! And he's left another pot here, to make-believe."

There was a great commotion.

"It's really an exciting thing," said Jack, beginning to take an interest in the gardens for the first time. "It's worth something to have your plants stolen. Gives 'em quite a dignity—makes something of 'em."

"It don't make much of me!" said poor little Primrose. "Oh, who could have stolen 'em!"

"Nobody stole them," said her brother Sam, who had been giving the flower-pot a close examination; "I mean no person. Look—here are the roots in the ground still."

And so they were, and the cut top of each tiny stem showed mournfully through the brown earth. Then the pine cone scales were found, and the squirrel declared to be the culprit; but to bring him to justice was, as Jack said, quite another affair. Indeed, Primrose was not sure that she wished it; though every albronia plant was gone, and it was too late in the season to plant more.

HISTORY OF A WOODEN SHOE.

TOWARD the end of September, 1832, it was announced among the artistic circles of Paris that Nicolo Paganini had fallen seriously ill at the conclusion of a grand concert given by the illustrious violinist. He was attacked by a low intermitting fever, which refused to yield to the remedies employed, and even gave rise to apprehensions for his life.

Paganini, whose leanness was already almost spectral, now seemed to have his frail existence suspended by a thread, which the slightest shock might sever. The physicians unanimously ordered solitude, absolute repose, and a strict regimen as to diet.

In order to carry out these prescriptions Paganini removed to the Villa Lutetiana, in the Faubourg Poissonnière. This excellent establishment, which no longer exists, was intended exclusively for the reception and cure of wealthy invalids. A spacious, comfortable house stood in a large, park-like garden, where each patient could ramble at will, and enjoy either solitude or society at his choice. A great charm of this house was that every one lived just as he or she pleased; in the evening either retiring to the solitude of his apartment, or joining in the games, music, and conversation held in the drawing-room. Paganini naturally belonged to those who preferred passing the evenings in quietness and retirement. There was plenty of gossip about him in the drawing-room; three or four censorious old maids fell on him tooth and nail.

"Ladies," began one, "have you seen this great musician? He salutes no one, and never speaks a word. He takes his bowl of soup in an arbor in the garden, and then hastens away if any one approaches. What an oddity he must be!"

"That's part of his malady," said another; "people say that there is some terrible mystery about his life—some love story, I imagine."

"Not at all," added a third; "Paganini is a miser; there's no mystery about that. Do you remember that concert which was organized in favor of the families who had suffered from the inundation at St. Etienne? The great violinist refused to take part in it because he would have had to play gratuitously. Depend upon it he fears that were he to mix in our society he might be asked for similar favors."

Paganini guessed pretty well how he was regarded by his fellow-boarders; but, like Gallio of old, he cared for none of these things. His health became gradually better, yet in the whole house he never exchanged a word with any one except Nicette. This was the house-maid who attended on him—a cheerful, innocent country-girl, whose gay prattle, when she served his meals, often availed to dispel the cloud which habitually darkened the brows of Paganini.

One morning Nicette presented herself with a sad, drooping countenance, and served breakfast without uttering a word. The musician, who was amusing himself with carving a piece of ivory for the handle of a dagger, noticed the change in the young girl, and questioned her upon it.

"What's the matter, my child? You look sad; your eyes are red; some misfortune has befallen you, Nicette?"

"Oh yes, Sir."

"Would it be indiscreet to ask you what it is?"

"No, Sir, not precisely; but—"

Paganini fixed his great black eyes on the girl's troubled countenance.

"Come," he said; "I see how it is. After having made you a thousand promises *he* has quitted you, and you no longer have any tidings of *him*."

"Ah! poor fellow! He has quitted me, certainly, but it was not his fault."

"How is that?"

"Because in the conscription he drew a bad number, and he has been sent away with a great long gun on his shoulder, and I shall never see him again!" sobbed poor Nicette, as she buried her face in her white apron.

"But, Nicette, could you not purchase a substitute for him?"

The girl, withdrawing her apron, smiled sadly through her tears.

"Monsieur is jesting," she said; "how could I ever buy a substitute?"

"Does it cost very dear?"

"This year men are tremendously dear on account of the report that there is going to be a war. Fifteen hundred francs is the lowest price."

The musician pressed Nicette's little plump hand between his long sallow fingers as he said:

"If that's all, my girl, don't cry; we'll see what can be done."

Then, taking out his pocket-book, he wrote on a blank-leaf:

"MEM.—To see about giving a concert for the benefit of Nicette."

A month passed on; winter arrived, and Paganini's physician said to him:

"My dear Sir, you must not venture out of doors again until after the month of March."

"To hear is to obey," replied the musician.

During the winter a comparative degree of health and strength returned to Paganini. Having no longer the pleasant, shady arbors of the garden as a refuge, he began gradually to linger a little in the drawing-room. After dinner he used to throw himself on a sofa of crimson velvet, and pass half an hour in turning over a volume of engravings, or in sipping a glass of sugared water flavored with orange flowers. The old ladies of the society gossiped on about him and his odd ways, but he affected not to hear, and certainly did not heed them.

Christmas-eve approached. On the anniversary of the birth of Our Lord a custom exists in France very dear to its juvenile inhabitants. A wooden shoe is placed at the corner of the hearth, and a beneficent fairy is supposed to come down the chimney laden with various presents and dainties with which he fills it. It is calculated that, one year with another, the Christmas wooden shoe enriches the trade of Paris with two million francs.

On the morning of the 24th December four of Paganini's female critics were in consultation together.

"It will be for this evening," said one.

"Yes, for this evening; that's settled," replied another.

After dinner Paganini was, according to his custom, seated on the drawing-room sofa, sipping his *eau sucrée*, when an unusual noise was heard in the corridor. Presently Nicette entered, and announced that a porter had arrived with a case directed to Signor Paganini.

"I don't expect any case," said he; "but I suppose he had better bring it in."

Accordingly a stout porter entered, bearing a good-sized deal box, on which, besides the address, were the words, "*Fragile, with care.*" Paganini examined it with some curiosity, and, having paid the messenger, proceeded to open the lid. His long, thin, but extremely muscular fingers accomplished this task without difficulty, and the company, whose curiosity caused them somewhat to transgress the bounds of good manners, crowded around in order to see the contents of the box.

The musician first drew out a large packet, enveloped in strong brown paper, and secured with several seals. Having opened this, a second, and then a third envelope appeared; and at length the curious eyes of twenty persons were regaled with a gigantic wooden shoe, carved out of a piece of ash, and almost large enough to serve for a child's cradle. Bursts of laughter hailed the discovery.

"Ah!" said Paganini, "a wooden shoe. I can guess tolerably well who has sent it. Some of these excellent ladies wish to compare me to a child who always expects presents and never gives any. Well! be it so. We will see if we can not find some method of making this shoe worth its weight in gold."

So saying, and scarcely saluting the company, Paganini withdrew to his own apartment, carrying with him the case and its contents.

During three days he did not reappear in the drawing-room; Nicette informed the company that he worked from morning till night with carpenter's tools. In fact, the musician, whose hands were wondrously flexible and dextrous in other things besides violin playing, had fashioned a perfect and sonorous instrument out of the clumsy wooden shoe. Having enriched it with one silver string, his work was complete. Next day a public notice appeared that, on New-Year's Eve, Paganini would give a concert in the large hall of the Villa Lutetiana. The great master announced that he would play ten pieces, five on a violin, five on a wooden shoe. The price of the tickets was fixed at twenty francs each. Of these only one hundred were issued, and it is needless to add that they were immediately purchased by the *élite* of the *beau monde*, who during several months had missed the pleasure of hearing Paganini. The appointed evening arrived; the hall, furnished with comfortable chairs, was prepared and lighted for the occasion, elegant equipages were stationed along the Faubourg Poissonnière, and expectation was on tip-toe to know what the announcement respecting the wooden shoe could possibly mean.

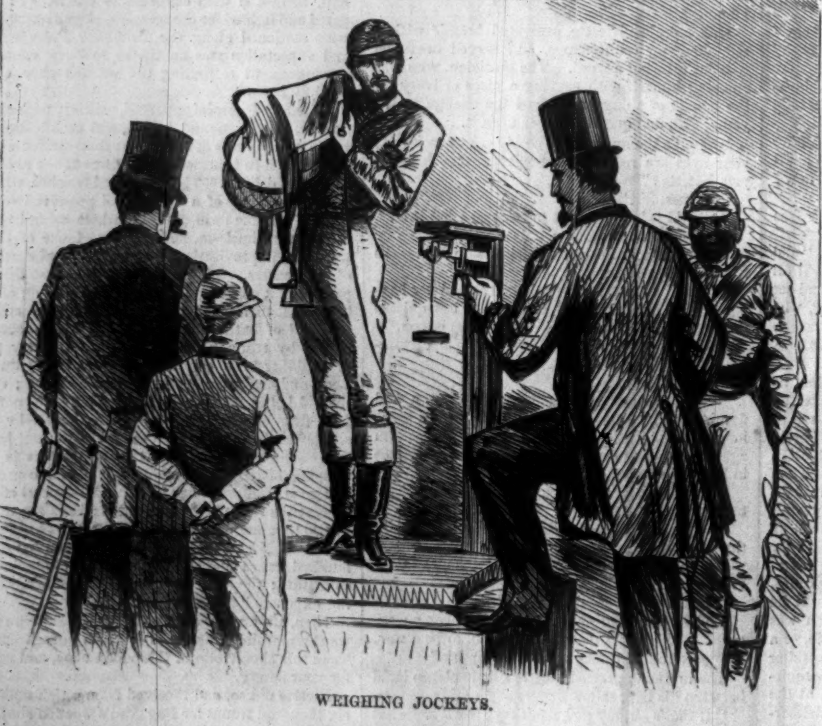
At length Paganini appeared, smiling, with every appearance of renewed health, and on his favorite violin played some of those marvelous strains which never failed to transport his auditors to the seventh heaven of delight. Then he seized the shoe, which, in its new guise of a violin, still preserved somewhat of pristine form, and, his whole being lighted up with enthusiasm, he commenced one of those wondrous improvisations which captivated the souls of his hearers. This one represented first the departure of a conscript, the tears, the wailing of his betrothed, then his stormy life in the camp, and on the field of battle, and finally, his return, accompanied by triumph and rejoicing. A merry peal of wedding-bells completed the musical drama. Long and loud were the thunders of applause; even the old ladies who disliked Paganini could not refrain from clapping, and bouquets, thrown by fair and jeweled hands, fell at the feet of the musician. In a corner of the hall, next the door, Nicette was weeping bitterly; the symphony of the conscript had gone straight to her heart. At the end of the concert the receipts were counted; they amounted to two thousand francs.

"Here, Nicette," said Paganini, "you have five hundred francs over the sum required to purchase a substitute; they will pay your bridegroom's traveling expenses."

Then, after a pause, he continued, "But you will want something wherewith to begin housekeeping. Take this shoe-violin or this violin-shoe, and sell it for your dowry."

Nicette did so, and received from a rich amateur six thousand francs for Paganini's wooden shoe.

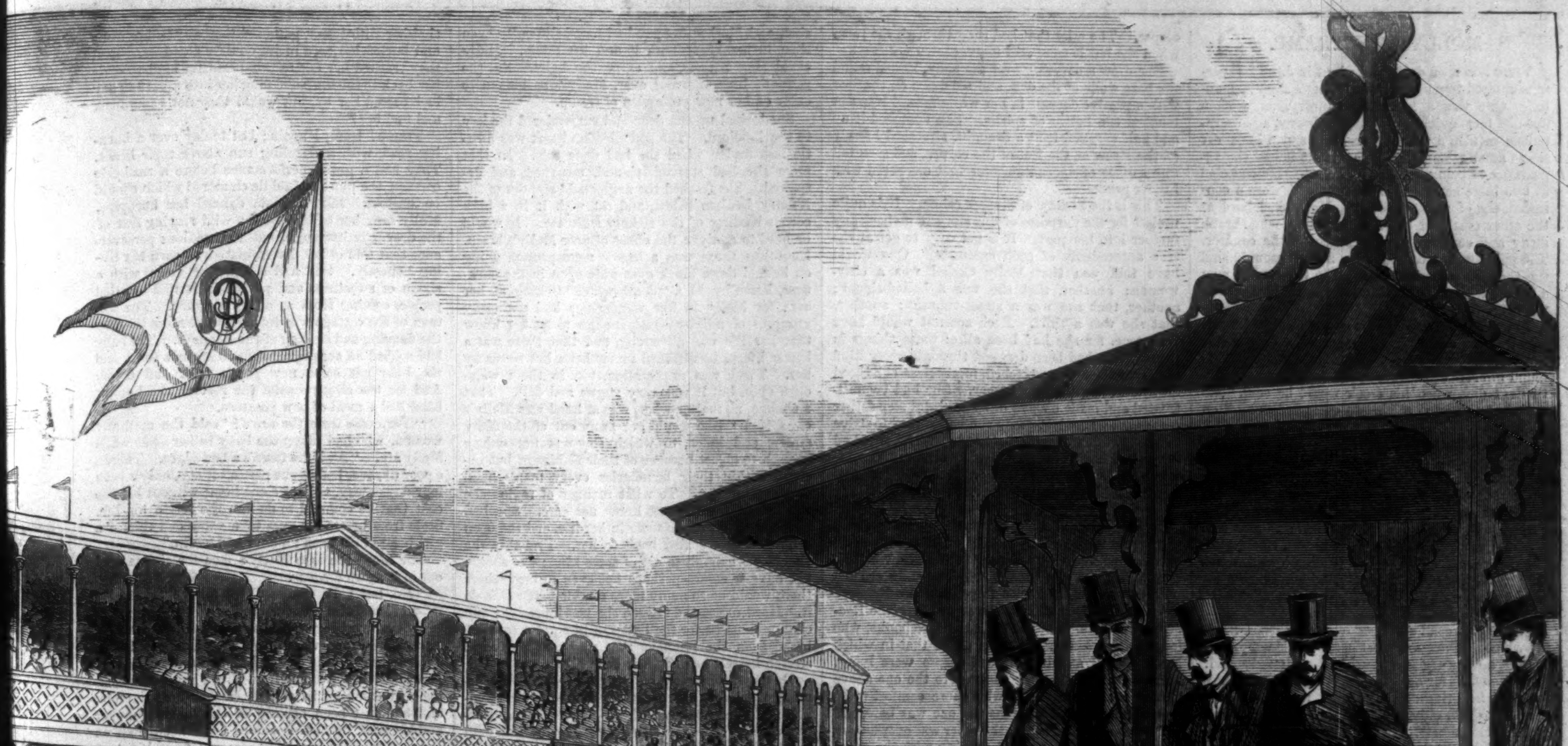
It is now, we believe, in the possession of an English nobleman, who was formerly British Embassador at Paris.

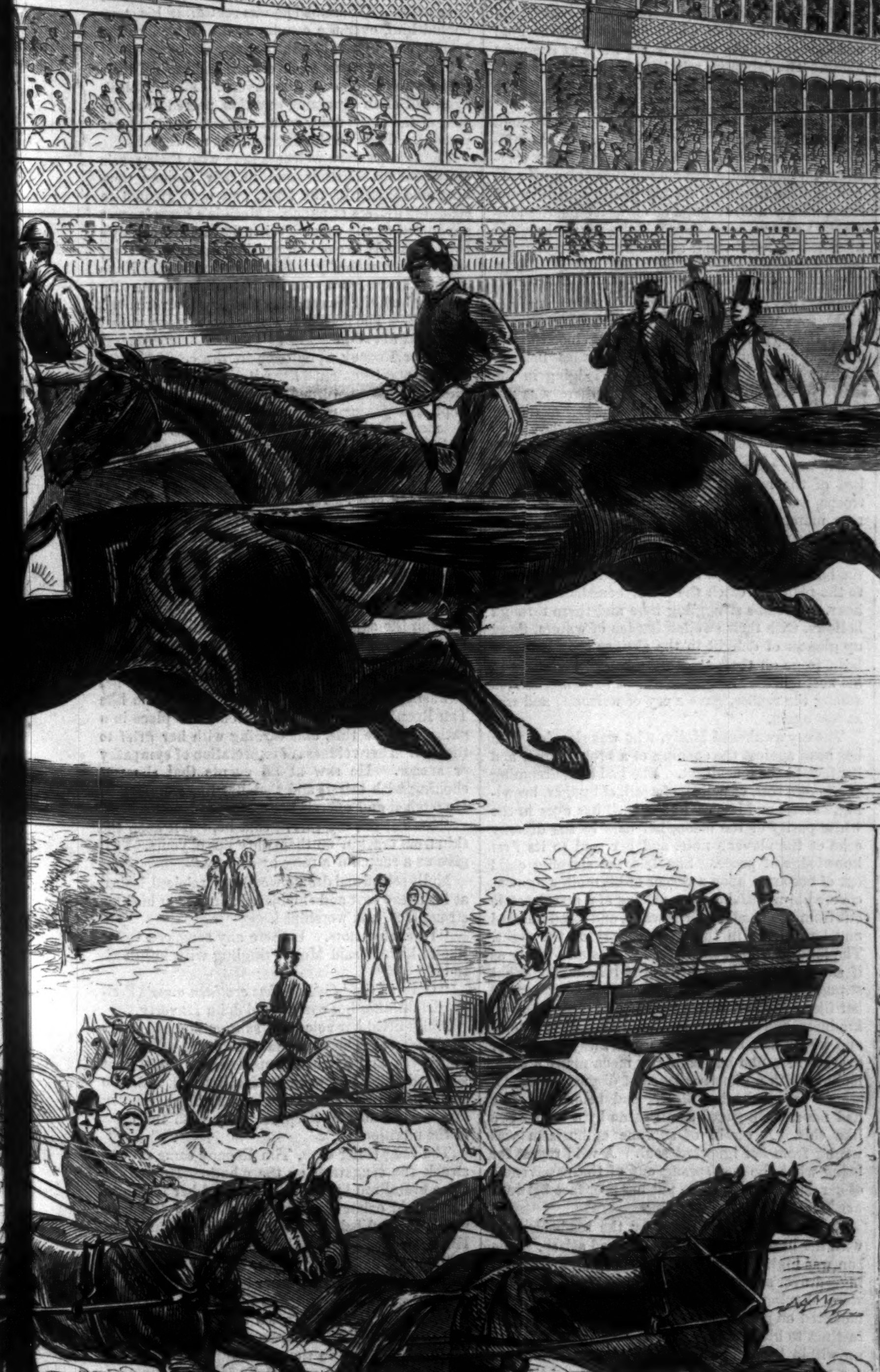


WEIGHING JOCKEYS.

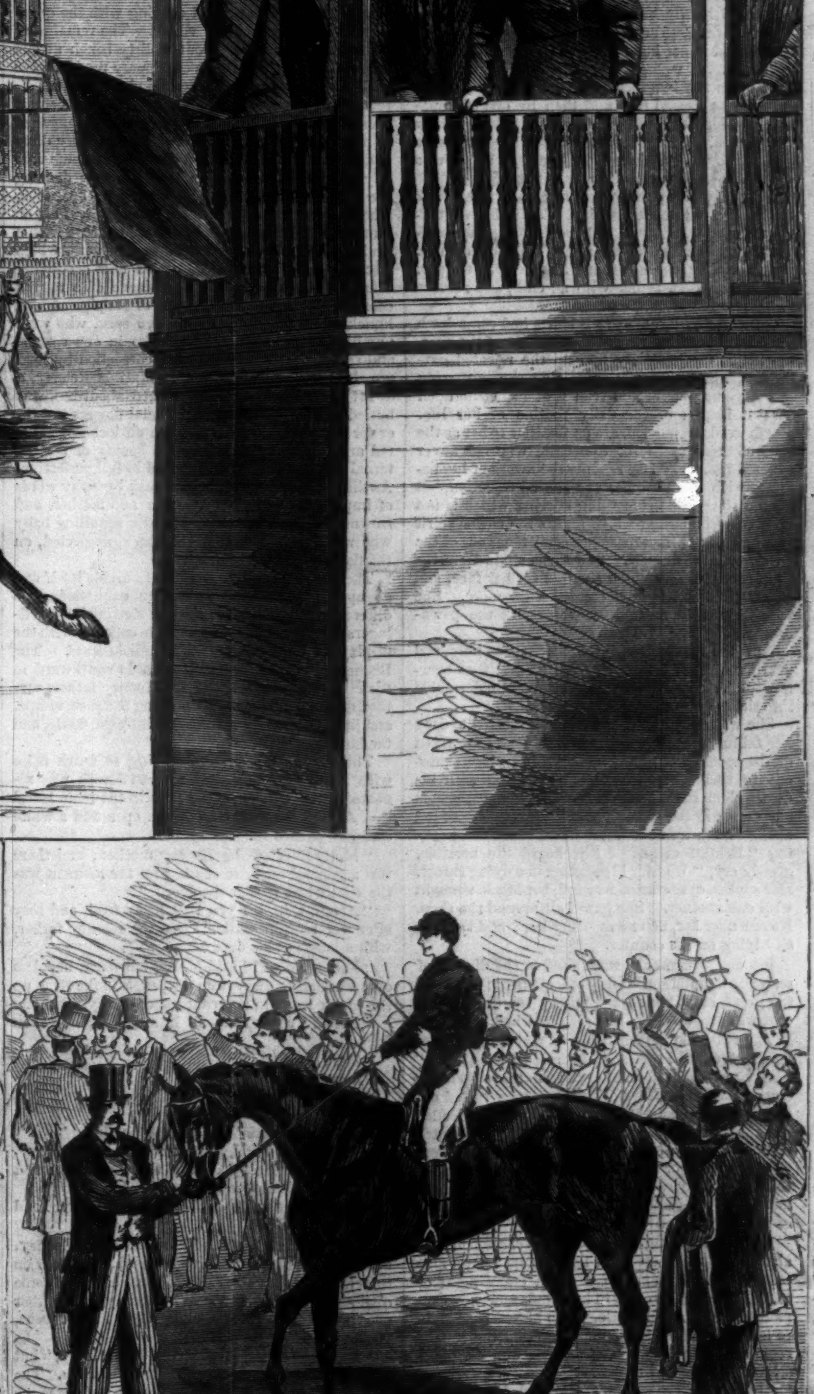
SCENE ON THE ROAD—JE

INAUGURATION OF THE RACE-COURSE OF THE JOCKEY CLUB, JEROME PA





JE... BELMONT'S CARRIAGES.



THE WINNING HORSE.

P... T FOR THE FOUR-MILE HEAT.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 654.]

MOLLY THE TRAMP.

VERY late on a dark, wet night in June two persons entered together a pawnbroker's shop in Dublin. One was a low-sized countryman, with a fox-like face, quick eyes, hanging brows, an unscrupulous mouth, a narrow forehead, and a large ear set so among his bristling hair that it had the appearance of being habitually cocked. He was clad in two huge coats of gray frieze, and wore a consciousness of responsibility. He looked hard at the other customer entering with him, who shrank away and cowered into a corner by the counter. The pawnbroker, coming from a little room behind the shop, directed his attention to the countryman at once, with only a glance at the timid figure in the back-ground.

The man in frieze was a west-country drover, who had arrived from the mountains only a few hours before with a drove of sheep for market. He found himself unexpectedly in need of money until next day, when his stock would be sold. He pulled off the outer of his two coats and flung it on the counter.

The pawnbroker examined the coat, and a discussion arose as to the amount of money to be advanced upon it. It was thrown from one to the other, shaken out, folded up, and finally tossed down on the counter, while the pawnbroker, himself in a passion, almost dragged his bullying customer into his little room behind for the purpose of showing him articles of equal value for which he had advanced smaller sums than that which he now offered on the coat. The other customer, a woman, was left standing in the shop alone.

She was a woeful specimen of womanhood—a figure whose outlines were lost in miserable wrappings of rags, a dirty trailing gown, and a tattered shawl. Her bonnet, fit for a gutter, had two or three grimy red roses flaunting dismally under the brim. Her skin was dark, either by nature or from want of care and cleanliness. She was quite young, though one could hardly know it looking on her thin, sallow face, deadened eyes, and colorless lips.

She had in her hand what can only be described as a rag. A wobegone look had fallen over her face when the two men left her unnoticed—a look which was crossed now and then by one of impatience, which burned up and went out of her sallow face again, leaving the stolid weariness to come back. Of what use was it for her to be angry who only existed in the world upon sufferance?

Presently the pawnbroker comes bustling back to the shop to fetch something, takes in her wretchedness with a keen eye, and roughly asks her business. She offers him her rag, calling it a mantle. It is perfectly worthless, and he is out of temper. He flings it back to her with an oath, and returns to his more important customer.

The tall figure shakes as if blows had come down upon it, the light of eagerness fades out of the eyes, the hands mechanically fold up the rejected garment. This is no new scene that she is passing through—no unexpected trial that has come upon her; it is part of the daily routine of her life. Harsh words, repulsion, are as familiar to her as the taste of bread and milk to a child who has never suffered hunger. She accepts the award of her patience with the meekness of habitual dejection, but behind it there is something stirring which is not habitual—something which makes the cowed spirit rise up again, which awakens persistence out of the passiveness of despair. She turns again from the shop door, toward which she had set her face, and takes her stand by the counter once more. She will wait to have another word with the pawnbroker.

Now the root of this girl's purpose was holy, and yet her next act was the drop of evil that overflowed the cup of her misery, and turned trouble into sin.

She was so weary that the earth seemed to drag her failing limbs toward it. Her eyes were fixed on the opposite wall, looking at a filmy picture present to them—a dying man, struggling with his death, alone in darkness. She heard not the shouts and curses in the street outside, nor the bargaining of the two men in the inner room, but a voice calling "Drink! drink!" She heard the horrible, greedy cry, "Whisky!" gurgling in a dying throat. Her sunken eyes started forward, her hands wrought with one another. She gazed all around the shop. No one near her, no one minding her; and the coat still lying on the counter.

For one moment she was raised to the dignity of resisting temptation. Only one moment; need was too great, habit too strong, misery too deep. The coat was snatched, and the girl vanished.

The two men returned only about a minute too late, and rushed into the street crying "Stop thief!" The cry was echoed and tossed from lip to lip in the dirty lanes and alleys. Drunken men reeled out of taverns and caught it, wretched children yelled it along the gutter. It clamored in the hunted creature's ears as she strained her weak limbs along the pavement, or huddled herself into some corner to let the pursuers go by. "It is the last time, the last time!" she muttered. So it was—the last sin of many; but not to go unpunished.

The cry had long ceased, and the chase had been abandoned, when the dark figure crept in at a miserable doorway, and up a dirty, crazy flight of stairs. She had no coat in her hands now, but some money, and a small bottle. She looked from right to left with scared eyes, and then entered a squalid room where the dawn was stealing wanly through a broken skylight in the roof. The walls were perfectly bare; there was no sign of food, furniture, nor clothing. The girl looked eagerly toward a corner where the figure of a man lay stretched upon straw. She went forward, listening and gazing intently, and dropped on her knees beside the figure.

"Here it is," she said, in a voice of fright that matched her face; "here is the whisky. I could not get it any sooner."

There was no answer by sound or movement.

"Father!" she shrieked, with a wild sob. She lifted an awful-looking hand from the straw, and dropped it again. The figure on the pallet was a corpse. The cries that had rung through the room when she left it were still forever.

She drew a covering over the body, looked round the bare walls of the den, and sat down on the floor with a passive despair in her white face. Her foot touched the bottle of spirits. She snatched it up and half emptied it at a draught, stretched herself on the straw at the feet of the corpse, and soon fell into a state of unconsciousness that answered with her for peace.

This is the history of Molly's crime. It is quite useless for the purposes of this story to go back any further into her past. It is not easy to get at the true antecedents of such creatures. One would have told you that Molly Cashel was a charwoman; another, that she was a ballad-singer; another, that she was a street-vagrant; another, that she was a thief. Each account would have been true, for she had been all of these things in turns. She had been dragged through every kind of misery from her wretched, motherless childhood until now, her nineteenth year. She had been ill-treated and made a slave of by a brutal step-father—the man whose last desire she had sinned to strive to satisfy. A worn-out, battered creature, who had never had any youth, who had never been taught, who had been driven on all her life by the instincts and necessities of the present moment.

It was only six o'clock, but the June sun was shining hotly down into the filthy alleys, glistening on the mud made by the rain of the night before, and burning on the broken window-panes crusted with dirt and stuffed with rags; and the Rooneys were up already, and fighting as usual. The Rooneys were a family of wandering mountebanks, who lodged at present in the room under that in which Molly Cashel and her father's corpse were lying. This den was a singular contrast to the one above it; not that there was a whit more comfort to be seen within it; but whereas the one was bare, and full of the silence of death, the other was overflowing with all kinds of litter, and echoing with the quarrelsome shouting of noisy voices. The remains of a coarse breakfast lay about a dirty bench at one side of the room, and heaps of frippery rags mingled with tinsel gewgaws were scattered about in all directions on the floor. The Rooney mother, a stout, broad-faced, vixenish-looking woman, was engaged in pasting daubs of gold paper all over a very dirty white muslin short frock—part of the costume usually worn by Miss Matilda Rooney when dancing the sailor's hornpipe. The Rooney father, who, when he was not in a passion, had a general air of humorous rowdiness, was adorned by nature with a squint, and by accident with a broken nose, which last was fiery in color. He was now occupying himself (with one arm in one sleeve of a ragged coat) by knocking the ashes out of his pipe and his knuckles on the heads of his two sons, who were unwillingly practicing somersaults in one corner, and responding to the paternal correction by loud growls of remonstrance. Miss Matilda Rooney, a dwarf of sixteen years who looked about ten, was busied in twisting battered artificial flowers together for the adornment of her own elf-locks of rusty red and the enhancement of the beauty of the paternal squint, which she inherited in full perfection. As she worked she beguiled her task by stray words of impudence flung at her father and mother, and frowns and shakings of her fist at a squalling baby who was lying kicking on his back, neglected, on the floor.

The Rooney family was about to divide itself and go upon two separate pedestrian excursions into different parts of the country, to startle simple villagers and inhabitants of road-side cottages with the display of its wonderful accomplishments. The Rooney sons were going to tumble southward in their tights and spangles; the Rooney father, mother, daughter, and baby were going to dance, scrape, and jingle their way westward with pipe, fiddle, and tambourine.

The Rooney family was making so much noise with its preparations that a timid knock was repeated thrice outside, and no one in the room heard it. At last the door was driven open and a white face was pushed in.

"Molly!" cried the Rooney mother; and there was a general hush, so scaring for the moment was the wild white face at the door.

"Arrah, thin, it's you that looks fresh and rosy after yer mornin' walk!" cried the Rooney father, with a laugh at his own wit.

"Father's dead!" said Molly, her dark, hopeless eyes wandering away from the people in the room up the blank walls in a vacant search for sympathy.

"Dead!" came from all in a chorus; and then from one:

"Rest his sowl!"

From another:

"He'll give ye no more black eyes."

And again:

"Ye'll be breakin' yer heart afther him!"

"He's made a lucky flittin'!" said Tim Rooney, the father. "He'd ha' been thrown out for rint to-morrow. Have ye any money?"

"I have money," said Molly, unclosing her hand and showing silver.

"Where did ye get it?" cried Mother Rooney, eying it greedily. "Ah, ye jail-bird! Ye've been thievin' again, have ye? Ye'll be goin' abroad some o' these days, my darlin'. Why don't ye take afther poor honest folks like uz, and get yer livin' dacent, ye divil ye?"

"I want to do it," cried Molly, imploringly, "but they won't let me. None of them will let me. The days keep coming one after another, and force me into badness. Oh, if you would take me out of the town with you, Mrs. Rooney, I'll give you this money, and I'll thramp the counthry like the best! Couldn't I carry the baby for ye, Mrs. Rooney?" cried Molly, wringing her hands.

Mother Rooney told her to get out of that for a slut, and sent her away to bury her father; but before daylight next morning the Rooney family had decided that Molly would be an acquisition to the tramping expedition. The neglected baby that kicked on the floor had grown since the last excursion, and Mother Rooney had found difficulty even then in managing both it and her fiddle. Molly could sing ballads and carry the baby. So, the pauper's funeral being over, Molly was bidden to enter on her new profession of tramp.

She locked up the door and surrendered the key to the landlord. The girl's leaden heart was a little less leaden when she had done this. In that room she had starved, sinned, mourned, and despaired. She fetched the neglected baby out of the Rooney Bedlam below, and sat with it in a high corner landing of the rickety staircase. It would be hard to analyze the chaos of poor Molly's brain. Doubtless there was a heavy retrospection going on behind those black eyes wide open in the darkness, listening to a "death-watch" ticking at her ear; for Molly in her wanderings had got stray glimpses of religion—just enough to let her know that her life was all wrong, and that there was a better life to be attained somewhere, but never by her. There was expectation, too, in those wide-open eyes, but it was very vague and dull. That a change, no matter what, was at hand was Molly's chief idea. She would get away out of the filthy streets and lanes, to which she was not dainty enough to object because of their filthiness, but because within their boundaries every man's hand was against her. To what manner of region she was going she did not know nor care. She had never been out of the town in her life, and the open country was a sealed book to her. Probably she should get enough to eat of some kind; she should not have to steal—perhaps not even to beg, where there would be so many more nimble-tongued to do it. Hard usage and fatigue she was inured to; any change must be for the better. She got a crust of bread from the Rooneys that night, and leave to stretch herself behind their door till morning.

By dawn they were off on the tramp, Molly carrying the baby, her pocket stuffed with dirty ballads; Mother Rooney with her fiddle; Father Rooney with his pipes and some baggage; Matilda with her tambourine, and her dancing-dress covered with a shawl, the point of which draggled in the mud and dabbled on the young lady's heels as she went along. The drizzling rain kept on, and for the first two or three days things were wretched. The country was sheeted in mist, and cottagers kept their doors shut. The towns they passed through were uninteresting and inhospitable. A magnificent show on wheels and a German band were traveling the same route, arriving in every place of note just in time to occupy all the public attention and leave hardly a stray gape of curiosity for the miserable Rooneys. So they left the route they had intended to follow, and struck out on the bog and mountain country.

Tramp, tramp, tramp! Through the drizzling summer day, and far into the drizzling summer night, four weary, dreary figures plodding on, and never the sign of a dwelling in sight since the last unfriendly village had been left miles behind. Hitherto they had always found a lodging in the shelter of some town, but to-night there was nothing for it but to creep into the shadow of an old ruined chapel and make their beds among the stones and grass.

All were soon fast asleep; but at midnight the last of the rain fell, the mists mustered in long troops, and filed away over the hills. The moon rose, marching grandly up a sky such as city chimneys never see; mountains that had been curtained out with rain-clouds lifted their gloomy heads against the horizon, or bowed their brawny shoulders down to the plains to catch the silver benediction of the hour. Streams struggling here and there through hollows, with their swollen burden of waters, flung up glances of delight to the sky, as they had now light to go on their stumbling way. A plover in his nest felt the silver touch upon his wing, stirred among the rushes, gave a cry of welcome, and was at rest again.

The cry awakened Molly, who was sleeping with her head against the opening of a broken arch, and her face to the moonlight. She had been dreaming of a tavern row, of police, of a jail, of hunger, brawling, curses, and jury. She opened her eyes to the white purity of the moon, her ears to the dreamy echo of the plover's note, and her soul to its first knowledge of peace. She laid the sleeping child out of her arms upon a corner of his mother's gown, covered him with her own old rag of a mantle, stole out from the shadow of the walls, and stood dazzled and bewildered in the mellow glory of the night. The land on which she looked was as new to her as if she had been led to the spot blindfold. What strange place was this where heaven bent toward her like a mother, where the very air seemed full of kindness, and the earth looked soothed, as if cruelty and wickedness had been charmed away from it for evermore? She had seen the moon many a time, looking with a ghastly glance of disgust on dismal scenes to which she, Molly, had belonged. She had never been gazed at all alone by a tender eye like this. A strain of sublime enthusiasm was wrung from her ignorant soul. A wild regret for being what she was sprang out of the passiveness of her degradation. She put her poor face between her hands and fell to weeping.

She sat down on a stone by the road-side, and with her head upon her arms dropped asleep. The sun was high when a sound of whooping and shouting—drover's cries—roused her. A troop of kyloes were shoving along the road toward her, a man mounted on a horse bringing up the rear. Molly's instinct to hide from every face as an enemy's rose up within her, and carried her back trembling to the ruin. But she peeped out from the shelter of the old window and saw a pleasant picture framed there; a long winding sunny road, sunny mountains, the wild little troop of rugged cattle tossing their horned heads and plunging along, and the figure on horseback behind. As the figure came nearer, Molly drew back into her hiding-place with a start of dismay. The man was the owner of that stolen frieze coat. "Whoop, whoop!" shouted the drover's rough voice, and "click, click!" went his smacking whip; but Molly heard nothing but "Thief! thief!" The flock went past, and Molly, shaking with terror, gathered the baby in her arms and buried her face in its chubby shoulder. Had they tracked her out to this beautiful land to drag her back to the town and fling her into a jail? They had passed her by, but would they not come back and find her?

Tramp! tramp! again; but to-day over a burning road, with a dazzling sun above their heads. They had a grand performance before a road-side cottage, the pipes and fiddle clamored which should be loudest. Miss Matilda danced her hornpipe, Molly sang her ballads with a wild ringing fear of the drover in her voice, but a scrupulous perseverance that told of her determination to earn her living honestly. She had a fine true voice, with a strain of sweetness and pathos in it that startled people, coming from so dingy a figure. The woman of the cottage was touched by it more than by the dancing and singing of the Rooneys. The baby had sobbed an accompaniment to Molly's song, and the baby got some new goat's milk and bread. And for the singer's sake the rest of the hungry band had a meal of new potatoes.

"Yer come from the town?" said the motherly woman, who had taken the baby in her arms while Molly ate. "Ay! the town's a bad place. There's a poor dhrover body gone past a bit ago, only's been four days away, an' has come home without his fine coat that he counted to do him the rest o' his life. Stole from before his eyes by a vagabond thief o' a girl before he'd been an hour in Dublin."

The blood ran into Molly's face for shame, and out of it again for fear.

"No, but I didn't mean that all the townsfolks is bad!" said the woman, kindly.

By evening they arrived at a way-side inn, where a number of men were drinking. There had been a fair not far off the day before, and some were only now on their way home from it. They were smoking and drinking in a little earthen-floored room, and had just been talking of the luckless drover and his coat, he having passed there about half an hour before. It seemed he was scattering his story behind him, over the country as he went, like the crumbs cast by the boy in the tale.

The Rooneys saw their chance and pushed their way up to the door of the tavern. Molly's black eyes, full of an agonizing question, peered in at the door of the close, noisy room, and scanned the faces present. The one she dreaded was not there.

The tramps were welcome here with their music and dancing. Father and mother Rooney were king and queen of the hour, and were treated to steaming glasses of punch. Matilda's hornpipe was applauded to the echo. When it came to Molly's turn she made two or three pitiful attempts to sing, and failed wretchedly. She was over-tired. None of them had such a wearisome burden to carry as she had had, the heavy baby clinging forever round her neck. The fear, too, was in her throat yet, and she could not sing.

Father Rooney came over to the corner where she sat, and threatened her with his fist in her face. She broke down, turned her face to the wall, and wept. A young man sitting on a table at some distance had been watching her attentively, and took note of this scene. He was a strong-built, frieze-clad, well-to-do-looking young farmer with a brave brown face, and very kindly and sweet-tempered blue eyes. He was not drinking like the rest nor making a noise. What he saw in Molly to fix his attention people might have wondered if any one there had been temperate enough for observation. But wonders are not rare. That he saw she had sorrow in her heart may not be thought a sufficient reason. Perhaps he divined her youth through the ageing disguises that hung about her. Perhaps he had a mother who prayed for him at home, or a sister whom he petted, and it irked him to see a girl with traces of beauty and feeling in her unwashed face subject to the threats of one like Tim Rooney forced to take a prominent place in a gathering like this, and turning with her grief to the wall in her voidness of expectation of sympathy or succor. He saw at all events that she was choking with thirst, and that her lips were baked. He fetched and offered her a glass of lemonade.

"Toss it off, my girl!" said he, "it'll keep the skin from crackin' on them dhry lips o' yours. Ye'll give us a snatch o' a song by-and-by."

Molly seized and drank, wondered, rejoiced, looked at his frieze coat and shuddered; looked at his kind strong face, and worshiped.

"I can sing now. Is there any song you would like to have?" said Molly, tingling with her gratitude.

"Give us the '*Colleen dhas crotheen a mo*' (Pretty girl milking her cow)," said John Haverty.

Molly lifted her voice and sang as she had never sang before. The young farmer looked at her kindling eyes, and felt a curious desire to know what she would look like were her face washed, and were she dressed in clean garments like a fresh country lass, accustomed to keep company with the larks in the morning.

The song being over, Tim Rooney came up and struck the songstress on the mouth. He had become brutalized by drink, and cursed her for whining an old drimendru instead of one of the racy new-fashioned ballads he had furnished her with. His stray blows fell on the child.

"Not the child! oh, not the child!" cried Molly, with the blood dropping from her lips; for by dint of moaning and crying to the little thing, and being worried by it, she had grown to love it strangely. She wrapped it in her arms and went out of the cabin with it, just in time to escape from the hubbub that was raised, when John Haverty stretched Tim Rooney on the floor.

She sat down on the edge of a well at some distance from the house, and washed the blood from her mouth, and soothed the baby's cries. It was so wonderfully new to Molly to have a protector that it wakened in her a happy amazement which dulled the sense of physical pain. She bathed her wound mechanically, but she did not feel it.

Presently Haverty came out to look for her; the only one who missed or thought of her.

"My poor girl!" said he, "yer badly hurt. But

I settled yon ruffian in a way that'll make him think twice before he lifts his hand to strike a woman again. Here, hould this to yer mouth, asthore, it'll keep the blood away," and he gave her a fine snow-white *nappikeen* (head-kerchief), which he had bought at the fair as a present for his mother.

"Now I tell you what it is, my girl," said he, "you must lave the bad company yer in. Yer not o' their sort, it's plain to see, an' you ought to get quit o' them."

"Not of their sort." Molly exalted above any body! Above those whose honesty she had emulated! Oh, if the drover were to appear now and denounce her to this friend. She looked fearfully over her shoulder, but there was no cause for fear. Peace and security were all around her.

"I'd be glad to do any thing you bid me," said Molly, out of her heart, "for no man ever spoke so kind to me before. But I wouldn't know what to do, nor where to go, an' besides, I'm sure they'd kill the baby among them if I left it with them. It'll not be betther o' them blows this good bit. Whisht! whisht! my darlin'!"

"Yer heart's in the right place," said Haverty, admiringly. "Yer ought to look to yersel', though. Ye could do rightly. The counthry's a good place to make a shift in, not like the town. Can ye sew?"

"No."

"Can ye read?"

"No."

"Well, ye could work in the fields like many a heartsome lass, an' people would be fightin' for lave to give ye a lodgin' for a stave o' one o' them darlin' songs of yours. See here! There'll be a match-makin', to-morrow night, over at Widow Conneely's in the bog. Lave this clan, an' make a start o' 't for yersel' at wanst. I'll be lookin' out for ye, an' I'll put in a good word for ye, I'll tell ye the songs that'll stale their hearts. Ye'll come?"

If he had asked Molly to make an effort to walk across the sea to America she would have promised to try. She gave him her word she would be at the Widow Conneely's. He had been throwing pebbles down the well, emphasizing his words by an occasional splash; now he bade her good-night, and walked away across the moor, strong and sturdy in the moonlight with his black-thorn stick in his hand. And Molly, with the baby, crept away to the barn where they were to pass the night. There was not much sleep for Molly, however. All the time she lay there she was thinking and dreaming of the kind compassion of John Haverty, who had at once become the idol of her hungry heart, which had been so starved of love all its life. She thought if he would only give her a corner of his field to work in, and come and speak to her like that for a minute or two every day, she would reach the very summit of earthly happiness. By daylight she was up again walking about, having left the child wrapped in the straw by its mother's side. She wandered about in the crimson dawn, meeting in her own wild untutored way wonderful revelations of a new life, drinking in with the pure air exhilarating draughts of refreshed vitality which brought rushes of health into her languid veins.

She went down to a lonely river among the hills and bathed. She wrung out her long, matted hair; she had not even a comb to comb it with. She washed the blood-stains from the white kerchief Haverty had given her, and folded it across her shoulders. Then she cried more passionately than she had ever cried for pain or hunger, because she could not cast away her dirty ragged gown, having no other. She bethought her of the motherly woman whom they had left two miles behind them on the road, who had taken the tramps into her tidy cottage, and held the baby while Molly ate of her bounty. So curiously had trust in humanity been roused in the girl that she set off at once, running along the high-road to throw herself on the mercy of this person almost unknown, believing that she would help her in her dilemma. The motherly woman was feeding her hens before her door, when Molly appeared to her coming along in the sunrise, with her half-dried hair hanging over her shoulders, her eyes lighted with an eager hope, and her face clear and bright with the new flush of health and vigor that possessed her.

"I don't know but I may be a fool," said the motherly woman, as she sorted through the garments in her household chest, "but I took a likin' to ye at the first when I seen ye so down an' unheartsome among them screechin', jumpin', bouldfaced crew. An' I like ye betther this mornin', for ye've got more o' the clane counthry look about ye, an' a purty face o' yer own ye have. God be with you, then, and take the loand o' this turkey red; your nappikeen 'll cover the misfit o' the body. An' if ye don't turn out honest, it's God 'll settle accounts with you, an' not me."

The "turkey red" was an ample calico gown of that warm hue, and when Molly was arrayed in it, and the white kerchief on her shoulders, the motherly woman was so delighted with her appearance that she insisted on dressing her hair to make her complete.

"I can plat beautiful," said she, "an' I'll plat it up to the crown of yer head, the way I used to do my own little girl's, before the Lord took her from me, Heaven be her bed! But let that stan' till we get the cup o' tea. My good man's from home, an' there's nobody here but our two sels."

Thus treated, Molly's heart overflowed with delight. While breakfast was preparing she sought for a smooth pool outside, and surveyed the alteration in herself, coming back on tip-toe. The words, "an' a purty face o' yer own ye have!" were racing through her head; but the idea they conveyed was too sudden and wildly original to be accepted at once as the truth. And yet, when the rest of the world was changing so fast, why should not she change too? When her head was covered with shining braids she was still more a wonder to herself. Where had this beauty come from? Could mere soap and water, colored calico, and the motherly woman's nimble fingers, work such a miracle?

She staid all day at the tidy cottage, being afraid to go back to the Rooneys. After sundown she set out, asking her way to the Widow Conneely's. It was a long walk, and she arrived with her cheeks in a glow. John Haverty was smoking his pipe as she came up, and he did not know her.

"I've come," said she.

"Why," said he, "you're never the singin' girl that was with the thramps last night?"

"I am," said Molly, enchanted, but alarmed at his not knowing her. "You promised to tell me what to sing."

He beamed on her with his blue eyes, taking in her new appearance slowly, by a long look.

"I'll tell ye," said he, putting his pipe in his pocket.

He took her in to the Widow Conneely. He placed her in a seat apart, a little brown stool, set up in a deep window-seat, with a strip of dark-green curtain by her shoulder, and the remains of the sunset barring the little window-pane with gold beyond her. It was by accident, of course, that these things arranged themselves so as to make of her a pretty picture for the unconscious pleasing of uncultivated eyes. But there she sat, entitled to respect by the deference that Haverty paid her.

The people had not gathered in for the dance; only a few old men and women were there; the piper had not yet come. Haverty sat with one leg across the end of a table, talking to Molly, getting her to sing over verses of songs for him, and deciding which she was to sing for the company. Molly's eyes and cheeks grew brighter and brighter, and her voice richer and sweeter; as the dusk deepened the golden bars paled away behind the pane, and the red light from the turf fire drove the shadows into the corners of the cabin, and fell full across John Haverty's eyes, which were watering as only an Irishman's eyes can water at music.

"Yer made o' the right thrue stuff," said he, "or yer singin' tells lies on ye. A man might be happy that had you chirpin' like a cricket by his fireside, avourneen! Look at me, asthareen, an' thry could ye like me. It's not long since we saw each other first, but I'm not a bad fellow if you can take the soft side o' me, an' I never seen a girl that could take the heart out o' my body before."

Enter the piper, followed by a troop of noisy young men and women.

If Molly's answer had been forthcoming it would have been lost in the storm of greetings that followed. As it was she sat silent and red-cheeked, and Haverty was dragged away by a band of companions. Now the piper began to play, and the dancing commenced, while a small table was placed to one side of the fire, with some pipes, tobacco, and whisky; for what purpose did not appear. When Molly looked up Haverty was dancing gayly with a pretty girl in a light print dress and blue ribbon, with smooth fair hair, and saucy eyes, and a coquettish air about her. People watched the pair with interest and admiration. Both were young, good-looking, and capital dancers. They seemed made for each other and for the jig they were footing. The girl seemed fully aware of the admiration she excited, and coquetted openly with her partner.

"Then they're the handsome pair!" cried one near Molly.

"Ay, throth!" said another; "it's a wondher the ould men isn't come to make up the match."

"Ould blood is slow; but it'll not take them long in the doin' when they do go at it. Both o' them's rich enough to make the young people happy."

"What is it?" said Molly, touching her neighbor's elbow.

"Oh! it's John Haverty and Katty Nee that's to have their match made to-night. You don't know, bein' a sthranger. That's them dancin' to others. They'll be married at wanst, I believe, as soon as the bargain's made."

Molly stared at the dancers, and then at the speaker, and took it all in. This was his match-making—that was what he had called it—only he had not said it was his own. It had all been arranged long ago, and he had been laughing at the poor tramp. Molly's head fell back behind her little strip of curtain.

"I do think that sthrange girl's sick in the corner there," said some one by-and-by.

"No," said Molly, wiping the cold drops from her face with the corner of her nappikeen; "but it's very warm. Will you give me a dhrink?" Habit is second nature; and Molly's habit of patience was strong.

Two men came in just then, who were received with marks of great respect. One was a white-haired old man, the uncle of John Haverty, the richest farmer in the country; the other was the drover who had lost his coat in Dublin, and the father of the pretty bride in prospect, Katty Nee. Ah, Molly! "The fox may run, but he's caught at last."

The men sat down at the table which had been prepared for them, and smoked their pipes, and laid their heads together. A lively discussion soon began between them, and the pipes were often taken out of their mouths, and the table was often thumped; neighbors looked on with admiration, and listened in awe. By this time the piper, who had been sipping out of a glass by his side, began to doze over his pipes, which grew inarticulate in their utterance, then silent. The dancers were still, and there was an outcry for music: a general demand for Molly, the singing-girl, to lilt up a jig from the corner. So Molly sang many a mad, merry jig and whirling reel, only now and again breaking down with a gasp for breath, while Katty and Haverty danced wilder and faster, and the lookers-on laughed and applauded, and the piper woke up and grumbled, and the people said Molly had a jewel of a voice. God bless her!

But at last John Haverty's uncle got up with an oath and dragged his nephew out of the dance and over to the table by the arm. The dancing stopped in a moment. Molly's tune fell from her lips; the young men smiled to each other and shrugged their shoulders; the girls opened their eyes wide, and plucked each other's skirts; the old women groaned and flung up their eyes to the cabin rafters; the old men cocked their ears and shifted their feet on the floor, as they were used to do on Sundays when preparing to listen to the sermon. Every one expected that something important was going to be said regarding the business of the night.

"It's time ye stopped yer jiggin' foolery," said the old man, angrily, "an' took a thought o' yer own business. Here we've settled all—land, sheep, house, an' every thing, an' there he's stuck fast in the black cattle, an' sorra an inch 'll he budge for me. Sit down there an' make yer own match, for divil a finger more I'll meddle in't."

"I want you to make no match for me," said the young man, gravely, "an' I tould ye that last week. I tould it to Darby Nee, too, but nothin' would do you an' him but ye'd have a match-makin' here to-night. It's all yer own affair, an' if ye've fought over it ye can settle it between ye. I've no hand in it. Katty Nee's a purty girl, an' a good dancer, an' many's the jig I danced with her; but I never axed her to be my wife, an' I never will. She doesn't want me, an' I don't want her. She has a sweet-heart here to-night, lookin' as sour as butter-milk because his farm isn't as big as mine, an' she'd rather have his little finger than my whole body an' sowl, wouldn't ye, Katty? An' for my share," said Haverty, looking back at the window, "seein' that this was to be my match-makin', I thried a little business for mysel', an' I think my match is made; at least, it only wants wan little bit o' a word to finish the bargain. Come out here, avourneen!" said he, stepping up to the window and drawing Molly into the light, "an' tell outforenent the people if you can take me for a husband."

The people looked surprised, but not so much so as might be expected. Such sudden "matches" are more common among them than longer courtships.

Molly felt that it was like certain death to cross that floor and face Darby Nee, yet, to save her life, she could not have resisted that hand drawing her on.

"A common thramp from Dublin!" stuttered the old uncle, furiously.

"A beggar, instead of my girl with her fortune!" shouted the bullying drover.

Molly, pale and cowering, clinging to Haverty's arm, lifted her eyes with the old fearful look that was common to them in Dublin, and the drover, fixing his fox-like eyes on her, recognized her in a moment.

"Oho!" he cried, "oho! A Dublin thramp, did ye say? Faix, an' we didn't know what fine company we were in! I think you an' me has met before this, young woman. A thief, neighbors!" he went on, his voice rising with his anger as the remembrance of his wrong came fully back upon him; "the very thief that stole the coat I was tellin' ye of, in the pawnbroker's shop in Dublin. Then I wish ye good luck o' the wife ye have picked, Misther Haverty. Dacent girls isn't good enough for ye, so ye have one that'll do ye credit!"

Molly never heard Haverty's answer nor the murmurs of the people, for at the first word of accusation she shot through the crowd and disappeared from the door.

When the motherly woman got up next morning and began to bustle about her tidy cottage she found her "turkey red" hanging on a pin behind the kitchen door, and Molly's old ragged gown that had hung in its place gone. Trembling with agitation, she counted her half-dozen tea-spoons, and felt that her "stocking" was safe in its nook up the chimney. Then "Thank God!" said the motherly woman. "I knewed she was dacent; but she might ha' said good-by to a body, an' not come slippin' in an' out in the night, like a sperrit."

That was the last that was heard of Molly. John Haverty refused to believe what the drover asserted, and swore before all the people that it was a calumny. The Rooneys having passed on from the place there was no one to bear witness against Molly's character, and nothing to prove her guilty but her own sudden flight. Haverty had the river dragged, rode to the neighboring villages, and inquired at the cottages on the road-sides, but not a trace of Molly was found.

Two years passed, and the facts of Molly's appearance and disappearance in the district were told as a romantic story, and Haverty was pointed to as the young man who had been so "quarely crossed in love." Nevertheless, his farm was thriving, and his uncle, who had long since forgiven him for falling in love with the tramp who had so considerately taken herself off, did not despair of making a capital match for him yet, though Katty Nee was married.

Meantime the earth had not swallowed up Molly. She had rushed to the river first, but when she stood on the brink of the water and saw the sun rising above her head she felt that after all death was worse than any thing that had happened to her yet. She wandered at random, with much fatigue and suffering, through deserted paths in the hills, till she made her way at last to the dwelling of a herd who lived at the other side the brow of the tallest mountain that looked on the valley where so many strange haps had befallen her in so little a space of time. Here she arrived opportunely and was hired as a servant, and here she remained.

Molly worked well and learned many things; her employers were friendly and found her work. They were perched up so high on the mountain that they seemed to live beside the sun; the air they breathed was so sweet, and the active life they led so healthful, that Molly grew strong in body and cheerful in mind, and could romp with her master's children and mock the larks with her singing, for the children's delight. By winter-time she had spun herself a peasant's dress of crimson flannel, with knitted blue worsted stockings for her feet.

The third year had begun, when on an autumn day John Haverty walked the hills with his black-thorn in hand, seeking this herd, who had charge of many cattle, wanting to put a flock under his care. Coming round a heathery rock very high in the blue air he met Molly face to face, coming along the narrow path with a bundle of purple heath on her shoulder. Molly herself, but bright, sunburnt, and buxom; hardly a trace of the old Molly left to know her by.

"Molly!" cried Haverty.

"Yes," said Molly.

He caught her hand in delight.

"No," said Molly, drawing it away, and with a proud lip. "Ye mustn't shake hands with a thief."

"Look here!" said John. "Do ye think I ever believed yon lyin' ruffian?"

"It was no lie, though," said Molly, hanging her head. "It was thrue."

"Whisht! avourneen," said Haverty. "An' what if ye did? Is it for the stalin' o' a rag o' a coat you'd make such a murther, an' you hungry, or—or somethin', I'll be bound?" he added, hesitatingly, with a pathetic look of appeal to her for a justification of herself.

"I was starved!" sobbed Molly, "an' my father was dyin' an' callin' for what I hadn't to give him. I never was taught any betther; but I've saved up the price o' the coat—all my wages these years—an' you'll give it to him, plase, when ye see him again. An' when you talk to yer wife about me don't call me Molly the thief, nor Molly the thramp, but just a friend o' yours that ye were kind to when she was in throuble."

"I have no wife," said Haverty, "an' I'll never have wan but you."

John Haverty had his will, for they were married the next morning on their way home to the snug farm-house in a nest of trees where Haverty lived with his mother. Darby, the drover, was paid to hold his tongue, and no one else dared believe a word against Haverty's wife; and Haverty's wife and the motherly woman are bosom friends.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

If a spoonful of yeast will raise fifty cents' worth of flour, how much will it take to raise funds enough to buy another barrel?

PRINTERS' COMMANDMENTS.

Thou (especially the ladies) shalt love the printer, for he loveth you muchly.

Thou shalt subscribe to his paper, for he seeketh much to obtain the news, of which you remain ignorant.

If a business man, thou shalt advertise, that thus thy profits may enable thee not only to pay for thy paper, but put money in thy purse.

Thou shalt not visit him regardless of his office rules, that he may not hold thee guilty.

Thou shalt not read the manuscript in the hands of the compositor, for he will not hold thee blameless.

Thou shalt not read the news before it is printed, for he will give it to thee in due time.

Thou shalt not at any time send abusive or threatening letters to the editor, nor cowhide him more than five times a year.

Thou shalt not write communications on both sides of the paper, for the editor needeth the other side to write his editorials upon.

An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass, "Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman as that?" "Thin," replied the other; "botherashun, I seen a woman as thin as two of her put together, I have."

NINE HOURS AT THE SEA-SIDE.

By Day.

Four of smoking, two of drinking,
Three of loafing—none of thinking.

By Night.

Two of sleeping, four of scratching,
Three of searching—none of catching.

Justice to Scotland.—We have heard that there has been difficulty in settling the question how to arrange a Scottish Valhalla. Scotch theology stops the way. But could not something be done by giving eminent Scotchmen *an iche* in the Temple of Fame?

Keeping her Word.—A young lady having promised her grandma that she would never marry a certain fellow "on the face of the earth," repaired with him, after the old lady's death, to the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, and was married underground.

"Black Stockings of *all* colors," were lately advertised in a country newspaper.

A Tax No One Likes.—Attacks on one's purse.

Put the strongest-minded woman in a bonnet shop and it will instantly turn her head.

"You a dentist, Bob? I did not know you were in that trade." "Yes," said Bob, "I follow no other business but setting teeth—in beef, potatoes, bread, and sich like."

How like is this picture; you'd think that it breathes;
What life! what expression! what spirit!
It wants but a tongue. "Alas!" said the spouse,
"That want is its principal merit."

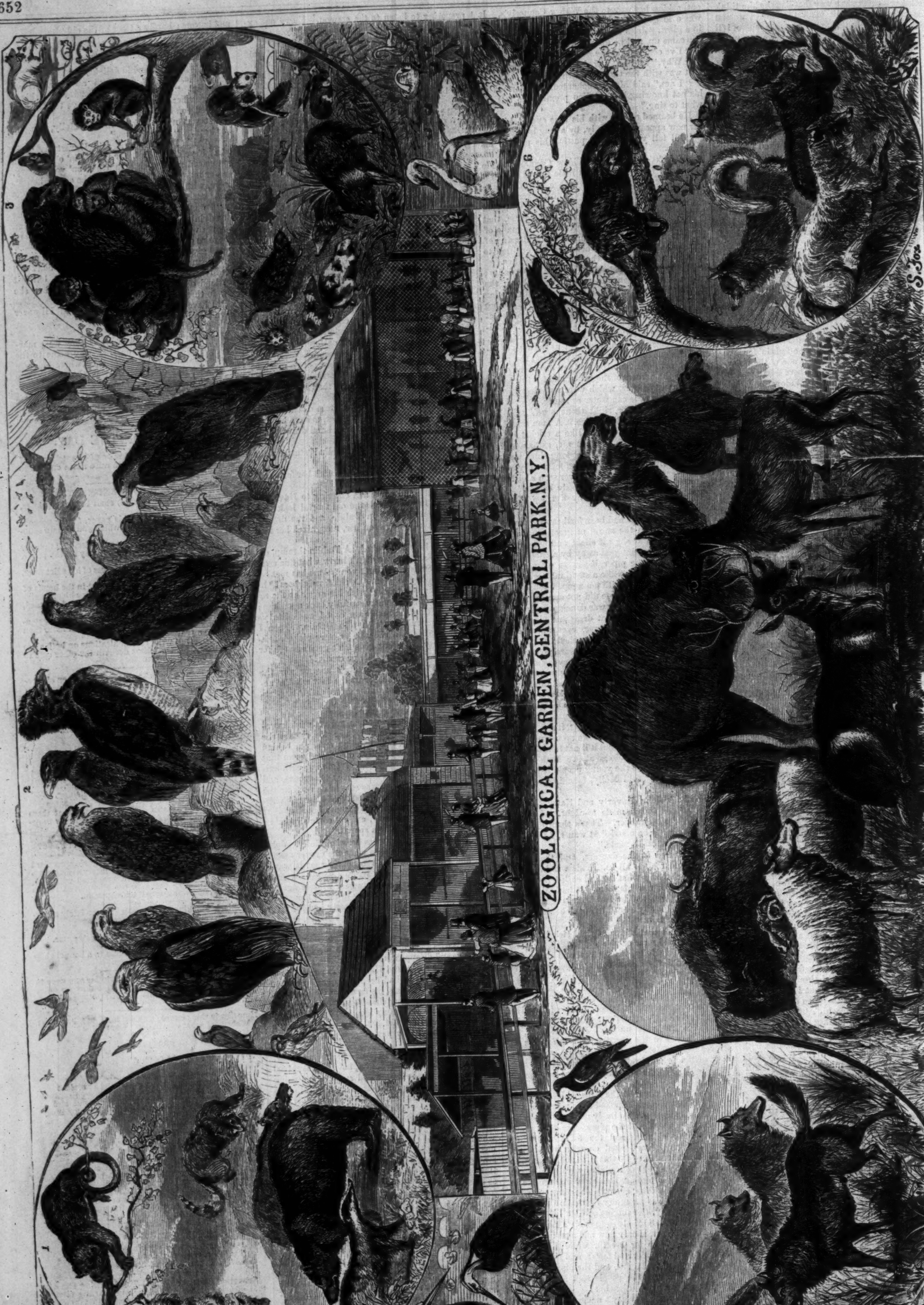
"I've buried my best friend," as the undertaker said when he interred the quack doctor.

"Of what use are forms?" exclaimed a petulant legislator to Dr. Franklin, "you can not deny that they are mere empty things." "Well, my friend, and so are barrels, but, nevertheless, they have their uses," quietly replied the doctor.

If any one wishes to know
The best way to worry a foe,
Don't go to impeaching his aims;
Don't call him opprobrious names;
Don't say that he tipples or games;
Don't twit him with dyeing his hair;
Don't sneer at his "2-40 mare;"
Don't threaten his limbs or his life;
Don't laugh at his daughter or wife;
Don't tell him to "look in the glass;"
Don't call him a fool or an ass;
Don't tell him he rides very ill;
Don't dun him with that "little bill;"
Don't snub him, or slap him, or kick him;
Don't stab him, or stick him, or lick him;
There's a crueler trick to employ:
Give a drum to his favorite boy.

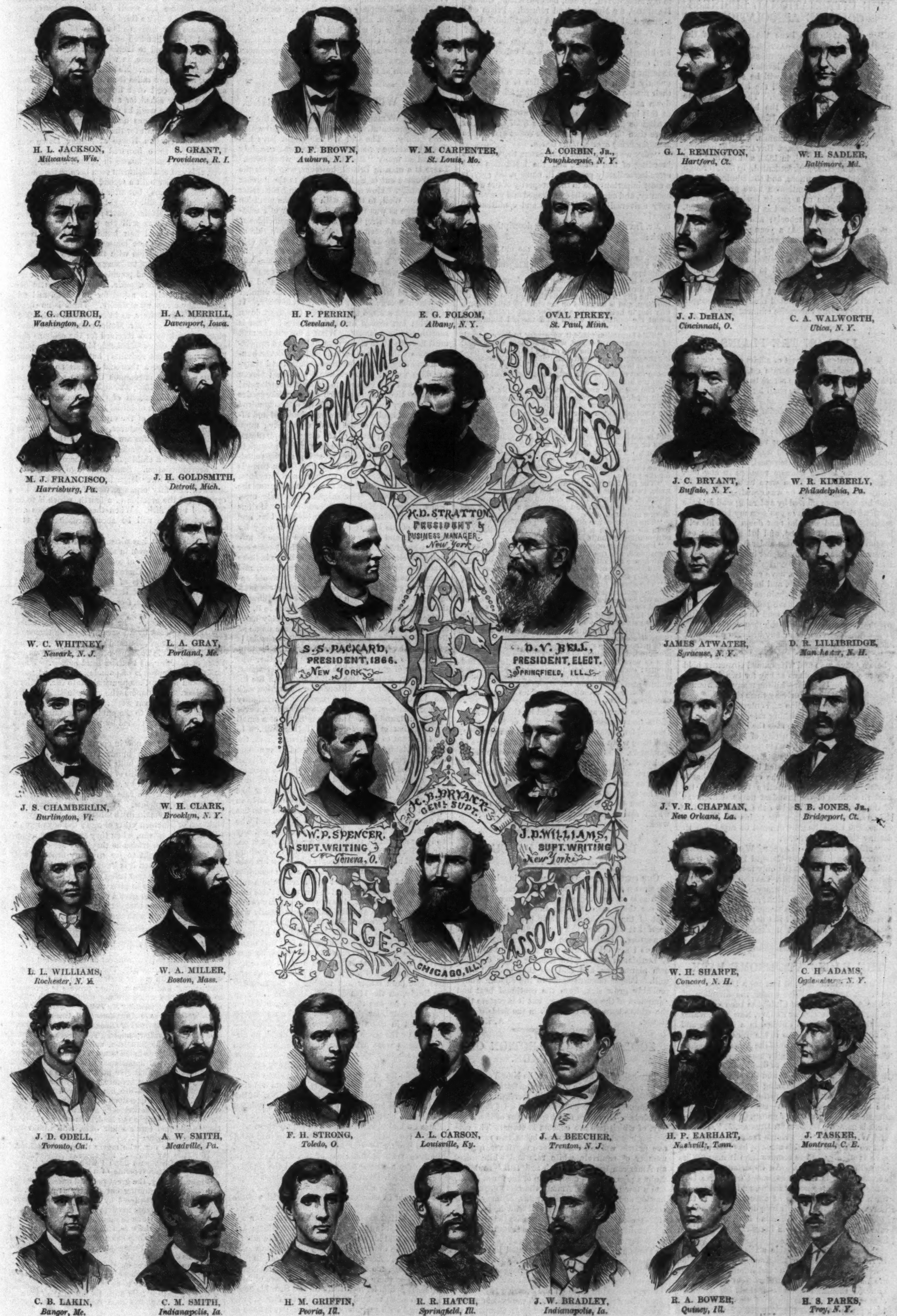
Sporting Extraordinary.—The following story is told of a gentleman well known in sporting circles. Being mounted on his thorough-bred hunter, on which he had backed himself to take any thing, he rode up to an *unfurnished five-storied house* and *took it.* Both horse and rider returned home in perfect safety.

A cooper who was in need of hoop-poles beset a man to furnish him with some. "Where can I get 'em?" questioned the man. "Any where; steal 'em if you can't do better." The hoop-poles were furnished and paid for, when the cooper happened to inquire of the seller where he got them. "Stole 'em, as you told me to," was the answer. "Where did you steal 'em?" "Oh, up in your woods," returned the man, jingling his profits.



ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, CENTRAL PARK, N.Y.

1. Kinkajou, Raccoon, Opossum, American Bears, Badger.—2. Great Harpy Eagle, American Eagles.—3. Baboon, Monkeys, Squirrels, Peccary, Guinea Pigs, Prairie Dogs, Rabbits.—4. Prairie Wolves.—5. Camels, Buffaloes, Sheep, Deer.—6. Ocelot, Silver-Gray Fox, Esquimaux Dogs.


H. L. JACKSON, Milwaukee, Wis.
S. GRANT, Providence, R. I.
D. F. BROWN, Auburn, N. Y.
W. M. CARPENTER, St. Louis, Mo.
A. CORBIN, JR., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
G. L. REMINGTON, Hartford, Ct.
W. H. SADLER, Baltimore, Md.
E. G. CHURCH, Washington, D. C.
H. A. MERRILL, Davenport, Iowa.
H. P. PERRIN, Cleveland, O.
E. G. FOLSOM, Albany, N. Y.
OVAL PIRKEY, St. Paul, Minn.
J. J. DEHAN, Cincinnati, O.
C. A. WALWORTH, Utica, N. Y.
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W. H. SHARPE, Concord, N. H.
C. H. ADAMS, Ogdensburg, N. Y.
J. D. ODELL, Toronto, Ca.
A. W. SMITH, Meadville, Pa.
F. H. STRONG, Toledo, O.
A. L. CARSON, Louisville, Ky.
J. A. BEECHER, Trenton, N. J.
H. P. EARHART, Nashville, Tenn.
J. TASKER, Montreal, C. E.
C. B. LAKIN, Bangor, Me.
C. M. SMITH, Indianapolis, Ia.
H. M. GRIFFIN, Peoria, Ill.
R. R. HATCH, Springfield, Ill.
J. W. BRADLEY, Indianapolis, Ia.
R. A. BOWER, Quincy, Ill.
H. S. PARKS, Troy, N. Y.

THE INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

WE present in this issue the portraits of the members of BRYANT, STRATTON, & Co.'s International Business College Convention, recently assembled in Convention at Cleveland, Ohio. This association of Colleges, as will be seen in the engraving, embraces nearly all the leading cities in the United States and Canada. The purpose of the Association is to combine the best talent in the country in perfecting and putting in practice a system of business education which shall be commensurate with the public demands. The enterprise was inaugurated by Messrs. BRYANT & STRATTON, in the city of Cleveland, in 1853, and has met with a success altogether unprecedented. In fact, through the individual institutions, and the admirable text-books which these gentlemen have produced, the sphere and limits of a purely business education have been as clearly defined as those of law, medical, and theological schools; and it is becoming almost as necessary that a young man, in fitting himself for business, should graduate at one of these Colleges, as that a contestant for professional honors and success should take a preliminary course in an institution specially devoted to the studies incidental to such profession.

The great interest which at present this subject is creating in the public mind renders this recognition of the leading enterprise eminently proper.

LIFE ON THE PLAINS.

THE threatening aspect of affairs on our western frontiers leads us to illustrate on page 644 some features incident to a trip across the Plains. In regard to these sketches we shall let the artist speak in his own words:

"Our party of eight (including three artists) had quite an adventurous trip over the Plains. One of our mishaps I have sketched; it is entitled 'Storm on the Plains.' A hurricane took down our tents and blew over heavy loaded wagons, on the night of the 9th June, near Cottonwood, Nebraska. Fortunately no serious damage resulted to any one, though many in the train were badly frightened. FORD says that just as he was crawling out of the tent his ears were saluted by a piercing wail and the pathetic cry of 'Oh, have you seen my baby!'. He looked back and saw the tent down with his wife under it, turned his head, and lo! over went our wagon with the horses down under it; and here was a woman before him wringing her hands and screaming for her baby. 'Les joyeuses' are our ladies who, doffing fashionable attire, have enlivened the camp by their cheerful presence, and have made us, hungry, tired souls, much happiness with appetizing cookery. Though you have published one or two street scenes in Denver I send the one herewith, which gives a good view of the mountains beyond. It is a different view from any hitherto published, and I think from a better point.

"'Fort Wicked,' Colorado, is noted as the ranche where a brave man and wife named GODFREY held over two hundred Indians at bay for two days during the troubles last year—killing many and wounding others, and finally driving them off.

"The tide of emigration and enterprise is setting hitherward at an astonishing rate, yet it is not to be wondered at when one sees the immense wealth of this region. Denver, a city of seven thousand inhabitants, is well built, and is the commercial centre of a mining region where already over twenty millions of capital are invested in quartz mills and the like. It hardly needs the eye of a prophet to discern that as the prospective terminus of the Eastern Branch of the grandest national highway of the world—the railroad to the Pacific—and as the great outfitting place for trains for Montana, Idaho, and Utah, its growth must be rapid and its destiny that of a great city.

"Messrs. BAYARD TAYLOR, WM. H. BEARD, WHITTRIDGE, and Major-General POPE, are traversing this region. I have only met BEARD; but expect to meet him and Mr. TAYLOR in the South Park, whither I am now journeying.

"By courtesy of FRED ECKFELDT, Esq., Melter and Refiner, United States Branch Mint, at Denver, I was shown through all the departments of that establishment, and send a sketch of the Assay Room."

THE RACES AT JEROME PARK.

THE Americans have at last got a Derby of their own. A national course under the direction of "The American Jockey Club" has been organized at Fordham, Westchester County, New York, which has been laid out and finished in a complete and judicious manner, both as to the track, the stands, and the stables. The aim of the American Jockey Club is not simply to render horse-racing permanent at Jerome Park, but to dignify it, and insure the improvement of horses and the elevation of the public taste as to horse-racing generally. At the head of this laudable enterprise are gentlemen of the highest social position—such men as AUGUST BELMONT, LEONARD W. JEROME (from whom the Park is named), W. BUTLER DUNCAN, J. F. PURDY, and W. R. TRAVERS. Horse-racing is inevitable, and we are glad that this attempt has been made to give it dignity and to remove from it many of its degrading associations. An important feature of Jerome Park is the arrangement which has been made for the presence of ladies, and which secures them from all intrusion as effectually as if they were at a matinée in their own drawing-rooms.

The establishment of Jerome Park will inaugurate a new era not only in horse-racing but also in horse-breeding.

"From the most reliable statistics," says JOHN B. IRVING, Secretary of the American Jockey Club, "we may set it down in round numbers that there are now, in the different States, four millions five hundred thousand horses—including, of course, *thorough-breds.* Now some of these command a high price. I know that $20,000 was once offered to my much-loved, valued, honored friend, Colonel HAMPTON, for Monarch, and refused. Priam cost a great deal more than this to import him. Kentucky, the invincible Kentucky, the noblest son of his noble sire, from the high reputation he has won for himself during his distinguished career on the turf, could command any price his fortunate owner thought proper to value him at. But $7000 is frequently given for colts and fillies of promise, in their three-year-old form; but putting all the horses down at the low estimate of $75 per head, even at this low rate of $75 per head, would make the prodigious amount of their value $337,500,000, or more than *three times* the whole *cotton and woolen manufacturing capital of the Union.*

"May we not contend with reason, then, that the breeding of fine horses, and the institution that more immediately promotes it, namely, *the Turf*, is a most important one to the prosperity of the whole country, and ought to be encouraged and patronized very universally by all classes and conditions of men?"

Mr. IRVING gives the following description of the Park:

"This race-track is located on the old Bathgate Farm, near Fordham, Westchester County, State of New York, on the road leading from Kingsbridge, and comprises some 230 acres.

"The land is of somewhat peculiar formation; the valley through which the Croton Aqueduct is brought into the city of New York runs through the centre of the farm, and is bounded on the sides by hills of some fifty feet in height, with a bluff or spur jutting out in about the centre, on which bluff the old homestead was situated.

"This formation made it necessary to have a track of somewhat novel shape, with a straight stretch and two curves skirting the foot of the bluff, and by placing the grand stand on the straight stretch, the whole course is brought under immediate view, as the track at the foot of the bluff is only about sixty feet distant from the home stretch.

"The course is about a quarter of a mile from the main road, and the main entrance to the course is on the new avenue now building, 100 feet in width, from the Central Bridge over the Harlem River, and extending on the east side of and through the farm.

"The grand stand is on the east side of the course, and is 450 feet in length, by 45 feet in width, with two tiers or galleries of seats, and will accommodate 8000 persons. The stand is divided into three sections; the centre one of which is exclusively for the members of the Club and their families—the other sections are for the public.

"The front facing the track presents an open colonnade, two stories high, supported by ornamental iron columns, surmounted by a cornice and pediments on the centre, and each end presenting a very airy and unique appearance.

"The galleries are fitted up with comfortable seats, from all of which a perfect view of the course and surrounding grounds is obtained.

"Immediately opposite the stand, on the bluff above-mentioned, are the Club grounds, on which are the Club-house and other buildings, for the exclusive use of the members of the Club, including an observatory some fifty feet in height.

"The stands for judges, time-keepers, starters, and for the accommodation and convenience of the gentlemen of the press, are in keeping with the style of the grand stand.

"At the north of and adjoining the grand stand is an open stand to accommodate 2500 persons, and also several private boxes, having a perfect view of the home stretch.

"Further up the valley to the north, and in view of the stand, are located the stables for the accommodation of seventy horses, which are built in detached groups; each stable containing ten stalls, of twelve by sixteen feet each, and surrounded by sheds ten feet in width—also kitchens for the accommodation of trainers and others—adjoining the stables is a half mile exercising track.

Jerome Park was inaugurated by the celebration of its first horse-races on the 25th of September. General GRANT and Madame RISTORI were present, and there was a large and enthusiastic concourse of spectators. The inauguration race was won by Kentucky, owned by J. HUNTER, against Fleetwing, Onward, and Idlewild. It was a four-mile heat, and was run by Kentucky in 7.35.

The opening day was fine; but the remaining races had to be postponed, on account of the rain which set in the next day, until the following week.

BOATS ON THE BAYOU LAFOURCHE.

OUR engraving shows the manner in which boats are drawn when the wind is unfavorable. Those with sails set are progressing in the other direction. To see these men laboring along in the noonday heat of the sun, hauling their boats, is sufficient proof that white men can work in the South as well as negroes. Besides these Acadian boatmen of the bayous I saw other white men at work in this part of Louisiana; these were making sugar on their own plantations, and told me they stood it very well. People unaccustomed to the climate would probably grow sick, from the continual heat and dampness of the atmosphere; but it is certain that the whites born here can work in the fields if they choose. A. R. W.

ZOOLOGICAL COLLECTION OF CENTRAL PARK.

THE collection of animals at the New York Central Park, of which we give an illustration on page 652, has been for years steadily increasing until it now numbers nearly 800 specimens. Of these 552 are birds. There are eight specimens of the monkey, of which two are chacma baboons. The collection includes two American bears, two raccoons, five prairie wolves, two silver-gray foxes, quite a number of squirrels, white rats and white mice, an American beaver, English and Turkish rabbits, Guinea pigs, elk and deer, sheep of the finest breed, and a few buffaloes. Among the birds are eagles, hawks, and owls; pelicans, swans, bitterns; peacocks, pigeons, larks, parrots, and wild ducks. Besides these there are of the reptile class twenty-three specimens, including alligators and several varieties of the tortoise.

These animals have been presented to the Park Commissioners by private individuals for the most part, but some of the swans were presented by European cities. Thus the Senate of the city of Hamburg presented to them on one occasion twelve and, on another ten white swans. Twenty-four swans were donated by the "Worshipful Company of Vintners" of London, and twenty-six more by the "Worshipful Company of Dyers" of the same city.

This collection, already one of great interest, is but the *nucleus* of what will in time become the Great Zoological Garden of America. Our illustration, drawn by STANLEY FOX, includes specimens of all the most interesting varieties of this zoological collection as it now exists.

A MAN WITH A LARGE FAMILY.

THE Old Woman who lived in a Shoe is the traditional representative of the parent afflicted with a large family. The Old Woman might have had seventy children; perhaps she had more, certainly she had so many "she didn't know what to do." There is a man in Bristol, however, who beats the Old Woman out of sight in respect to the number of his family. How many has *he*, then? the reader will ask. Well, to reply with the same precision of language as was used by the member of Parliament who, not being familiar with the principles of Euclid, once described a rent in a ship's side as "about as long as a bit of string," it may be said that George Müller of Bristol has more than a mile of children. Place them in a line, with a couple of yards between each of them, and then count up what space will be covered by one thousand one hundred and fifty children—that being the number for which George Müller has to provide daily. It is considered a large family when fifteen sit down to table; but eleven hundred and fifty! That is something like a family. What a fortune the man must have to fill so many mouths! It is a respectable colony that has to be dealt with! Eleven hundred and fifty dinners for three hundred and sixty-five days a year; ditto breakfasts and teas; eleven hundred and fifty children to clothe and to educate! Then they live in houses which are more like castles than ordinary dwellings. Beds for eleven hundred and fifty; school-rooms for eleven hundred and fifty; play-rooms for eleven hundred and fifty; nurseries for a large portion of the eleven hundred and fifty; play-grounds for those who are old enough to dance on the spring-board or swing on the round-about, and toys for the little ones. Then there is an army of nurses, and teachers, and servants. Again the reader will say: "What a fortune the man must have!" The surmise is entirely erroneous. George Müller is a poor man. He has nothing but what people choose to give him, and the rule of his life is never to ask any body for any thing, and never to publish the name of any body who gives him any thing. What! A poor man keep eleven hundred and fifty children in these handsome dwellings, feed them, clothe them, and educate them? Preposterous! So it would appear; and yet it is not preposterous, when the matter is explained, although it may have something of the wonderful and even of the miraculous in it.

George Müller, whose name will probably hereafter be identified with orphanages as the name of Robert Raikes is identified with Sunday-schools, is a Prussian by birth, having been born at Kroppenstaedt, near Halberstadt, in 1805. His father was a collector of excise for the Prussian Government. In 1829 Mr. Müller came to England, with the intention of becoming a missionary in connection with the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. This connection, however, never was formed, and he became the minister of a small congregation of "Brethren" at Teignmouth. In 1832 he went to Bristol, and with Henry Craik, the eminent Hebrew scholar, became a minister among the Brethren there. These co-workers stipulated that they should have no fixed salary—a practice which Mr. Müller adopted at Teignmouth; and from that day to this Mr. Müller has never had any salary, although he has preached regularly in Bristol for over thirty-four years. A man who has no means, who declines to accept a salary, and who also makes it a fixed rule of life never to ask any body for any thing, is in rather a peculiar position. Mr. Müller, having adopted this course, had nothing to depend upon but what people who knew his habits chose to give him. One person would send him a present of a hat; another would send him a suit of clothes; and it happened at times that these precarious gifts did not always come exactly when they were wanted, and Mr. Müller occasionally was dressed in the reverse of what is called "the extreme of fashion." Still he preached cheerfully; and shortly before 1836, notwithstanding the fact that many a time he had not sixpence in the world, he conceived the idea that it was his duty to do something in the way of providing for poor orphans who had lost both father and mother by death. Accordingly, on the 11th of April, 1836, he fitted up the house he was then living in at No. 6 Wilson Street, Bristol, for thirty orphans, who were to be supported in exactly the same way as himself—that is, by the bounty of donors, who under no circumstances were asked for any thing, and whose names, whether they gave much or little, were never published. Viewed as an ordinary attempt to provide for orphans, this was an extraordinary experiment. What followed is a perfect romance of faith and benevolence. Often, after Mr. Müller had filled his house with orphans, he was reduced to the last extremity to provide for them. Sometimes he had to sell furniture to supply them with food. He made it a rule never to go into debt, and to pay for every thing as it was bought; and many a time at the close of the day he had no money for next day's supplies. Still the orphans never went without either food or without ample clothing. The struggles were extraordinary; and the manner in which the extreme necessities of the hour were frequently met is one of the most singular stories that ever was written. Mr. Müller was an enthusiast in the work he had undertaken; and believing that all his needs were supplied in answer to prayer he went on increasing his accommodation for orphans. According to all ordinary calculations he had gone too far with his practical philanthropy; but as there were still more and more orphans brought to him he took them in, and then his house got too small to hold them. He was almost overwhelmed with pecuniary difficulties, but instead of being dismayed he took another house. The two houses became too small for his ever-increasing family, and he took a third house, and then a fourth. Into these four houses his family of orphans increased to one hundred and eighteen; and as the number continued to increase Mr. Müller decided to build a large house, in which he could place all the orphans together. He selected a site at Ashley Down, about two miles from Bristol, and the land and building cost over fifteen thousand pounds. Still he never asked for any money. People began to know the work he was engaged in, for they could see the orphans and the magnificent house which had been built for them.

The New Orphan House at Ashley Down was intended for three hundred and thirty orphans. Like the four rented houses in Wilson Street, however, this vast establishment soon became too small. Then Mr. Müller built a second house for four hundred more orphans but after both houses were filled orphans were still brought from all parts of the country to Mr. Müller's doors; and seeing that his accommodation was still too small, he erected a third house to hold four hundred and fifty more orphans. These three houses are now full. The expenses in connection with them last year—independent of the cost of building and furnishing—was over twelve thousand pounds, this being the current annual expense. Mr. Müller adheres to his old plan: nobody is asked for any help, and all this money comes up annually. There is no regular list of contributors, as in connection with other institutions. Since Mr. Müller commenced the orphanage work he has received for the orphans the extraordinary sum of £233,485, 11*s.* 1¼*d.* He publishes strictly-kept accounts; but whether a donor gives a penny or a thousand pounds no name is given. It is no uncommon thing to see in these reports gifts of £1000, £2000, £3000, and upward; and the only indications of the personality of the donors are a couple of initial letters.

In the reception of the orphans there is no sectarian distinction whatever, and without favor or partiality the orphans are received in the order in which application is made for them. No interest is required to get a child admitted; the only limit is the accommodation. Some time ago Mr. Müller found that his three large houses, built for eleven hundred and fifty orphans, were full; and he has commenced the erection of a fourth, which is to be followed by a fifth. When these new houses are completed there will be accommodation for two thousand orphans.

The institution has already become more than national. It is known in all parts of the world, as we may see by the list of contributions received during the last year. These contributions include donations from all parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, from the East Indies, from Australia, from Natal, from Demerara, from New Zealand, the United States, Gibraltar, the Cape of Good Hope, and many other places. The donations vary from a few coppers saved by an errand-boy to a thousand pounds. Some people send jewelry to be sold for the benefit of the orphans, others send various articles of clothing, and others send money. Thousands upon thousands of pounds in cash and notes have been dropped anonymously into Mr. Müller's letter-box. The donors who reside in Bristol have before them the great work; and the New Orphan Houses being open to the public on certain days in the week, they are visited by persons from all parts of the country.

The three houses now in operation contain, as already stated, eleven hundred and fifty orphans. Each of the houses is built on the very best principles to insure the health of the inmates. The various rooms are heated by steam, and the ventilation being excellent, the rate of mortality among the children is very low. The girls are trained for servants, and remain in the institution till they are eighteen or nineteen years of age; the boys remain till they are fourteen, when they are sent out as apprentices to such trades as they may select. It is an interesting sight to see so many orphans well cared for; but when it is known how they are provided for—nobody ever being solicited by the founder of the institution to give any thing—Mr. Müller and his large family give a complete answer to the cynics who assume that ostentation is in some way or other mixed up with the world's charity.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

CAN we find any but *political* news to present to the readers of the "Gossip?" The journals of the day are overflowing with matter pertaining to the "Political Campaign," and quite a sifting process is necessary to obtain items which are not tinctured with "*Constitutional Amendment,*" "*My Policy,*" "*Action of Congress,*" "*Objections to Amendment,*" "*Amendment and the South,*" "*Supporters of Constitutional Amendment,*" and topics of similar import. The speech of Senator So-and-So on the Situation, and the announcement that Mr. What's-his-name is not a Candidate, are just now facts of vital importance to—those concerned. We do not ordinarily give political news in our column; yet this is not because we fancy *our* readers—especially the ladies—are not interested in the final issue of the great questions of the day. What concerns our country concerns us all; and we do not believe there are many in our land, even among the most fashionable and careless fair ones, who would say, with a certain poet:

"Who's in or out, who moves the grand machine,
Nor stirs my curiosity nor spleen;
Secrets of State no more I wish to know
Than secret movements of a puppet-show."

On the contrary, the great political questions which are constantly agitating our country as a *whole*, are enthusiastically discussed by all classes, as *individuals*, each one enjoying freedom of thought and speech. Yet, although no one is amenable to another in regard to *opinion*, there is a higher law which should govern all; and no one has a *right* to be on the *wrong* side in moral questions—and many of our political questions *are* moral ones.

We can not forbear quoting some expressive lines, written by a lady, whose views, in so far as therein exhibited, are worthy to be adopted:

"When a patriot falls must he fall in the battle,
Where the cannon's loud roar is his only death-rattle?

There's a warfare where none but the morally brave
Stand nobly and firmly their country to save.
'Tis the war of *opinion*, where few can be found
On the mountain of principle, guarding the ground,
With vigilant eyes ever watching the foes,
Who are prowling about them and aiming their blows."

At the recent Convention of Sailors and Soldiers, held at Pittsburg, many thousand warriors, heroes of many battles, from the highest officer down to the drummer-boy, responded to what they regarded as *another* call of their country, left their peaceful homes, and met together with flag, and banner, and various insignia of battle—although the battle in prospect was only one of *opinion*. Many a hero, maimed in his country's cause, enthusiastically proved at that Convention that, even though minus arm or leg, he had lost none of his keen interest in his country's welfare.

The war on thieves, commenced by the city authorities about a couple of months ago, still continues with unabated vigor. Although many, having become frightened, have left the city, enough remain to render watchfulness needful, especially as some of the more fashionable thieves, who have been securing booty at various watering-places and other summer resorts, have now returned to their ordinary field of operations.

This is a specially interesting year to all who are in any way connected with American Methodism. Throughout the country an enthusiastic benevolence has been awakened in the Methodist denomination to mark this Centennial year by extensive free-will contributions to important objects outside their usual charities. The Centenary Fund, which is largely designed for educational purposes, has been increased from time to time in a most liberal spirit. At the recent Centenary Jubilee of American Methodists, held at the Cooper Institute in this city, one of the most generous subscriptions ever known in the history of Methodism was taken up. It amounted to $613,450.

The making of paper collars is a very flourishing and important branch of business. It is said that there is at the present time about $10,000,000 invested in the manufacture of paper collars and cuffs; and from 3000 to 5000 persons are furnished employment in this business. Unfortunately, a quarrel has arisen among them, and there is a prospect that the lawyers will absorb a good share of the profits. The quarrel hinges upon patents. The validity of certain patents will be contested by the opposing parties; and it is quite likely the courts of the land will have to devote most of their spare time to the matter for some years to come.

REVELATIONS EXPOUNDED.—The *Times* announces that

"On Monday, October 8, there will be a partial eclipse of the sun, which will be visible in New England and in that part of the State of New York which is northeast of a line drawn on a map from the city of Rochester to the Light-house on Fire Island, Long Island."

What sun is to be eclipsed is not stated, but we presume it is to be *John-son;* as we believe an eclipse of that luminary commenced in New England not long ago, and has been making itself perceptible in the *Times* office lately. If otherwise understood the intelligence given would be truly distressing, as the *Times* proceeds to say:

"This eclipse will be *the last of the sun visible* in the United States, until the magnificent one of August 7, 1869,"

[Or are we to understand that old Sol himself is to be taken in for repairs, and that we are to be "under a cloud" for three years, when we shall receive a "reconstructed" sun, *magnificent?* No. It is obvious that a political prediction is intended, for the *Times* continues:]

"—when the shadow of the moon will pass over and produce a total eclipse in part of seven States."

What nice distinction is intended by the phrase "total eclipse in part," we can not say; but the seven States eclipsed are evidently seven States which will reject the Congressional Amendment, and which will be "totally excluded, in part," from the Union, by the Forty-first Congress.

The Rev. Dr. Francis L. Hawks, whose death recently occurred in this city, made many valuable contributions to literature during his life of nearly threescore years and ten. Several legal and historical works were prepared by him; and under the *nom de plume* of "Uncle Philip," he, at various times, issued through the Harpers a number of volumes of juvenile works.

Madame Ristori lately appeared in a very pleasant private character. Having learned of the peculiar misfortunes and destitute circumstances of the Italian family in Elm Street, whose case has attracted so much attention recently, she paid them a visit of condolence and sympathy last week, and after giving them something for temporary relief, Madame Ristori told the mother that she should place for their benefit $1000 in the hands of some party, who would invest it for their best interest. The visit of the noted actress was soon noised about the locality, and an immense crowd gathered about the premises, giving the lady a hearty salutation as she drove away from the scene.

A letter from Lucerne, in the Cologne *Gazette*, says: "Rarely has so wet a month of August been witnessed in Switzerland. In the Bernese Oberland the smallest stream has become a torrent from the heavy rain. The Rhigi and Mount Pilate offer magnificent cascades, such as are not mentioned in any guide-book, and the tops of these mountains are covered with snow as in the middle of winter." Abundance of rain and cold weather seem to have prevailed every where. A letter from Maine has just come to hand, from which we give an extract indicating the state of the atmosphere in that section of the country:

"I arrived here Friday night. It was very cold then, and it has been growing more and more intensely frigid every day since. The only redeeming feature about the weather is, that (as we say in January) it has been 'warm enough to rain;' and which it has continued to do vigorously ever since I came, with only one or two short hold ups just to take breath. As regards the weather this morning, I have not had the courage to go and examine. From the pattering up against the windows, I should judge, however, that it might '*set in*,' by-and-by, and be cloudy!

"Saturday the exercises consisted principally in my taking a severe cold (first appearance in such a character for a year). This little investment I doubled at the Old South Church next morning. A. has a 'slight cold.' E. mentioned this morning that *she* had a 'slight cold;' and from a pretty wide range of observation, during my limited visit here, coupled with considerable research and inquiry, I incline to the opinion that a person isn't *well* in this latitude unless he or she has a 'slight cold.' The system seems to require it here; it is a normal condition of health. And if a person should wake up some morning and find himself minus this indispensable attachment he should at once consult the nearest regular physician. Instances of his kind, however, are very rare in this section."

Letters from Council Grove, Kansas, state that recently a tremendous shower of grasshoppers visited that place, completely filling the air as high as one could see, and looking like a driving snow-storm. In a few moments the ground, trees, bushes, and every thing green was completely covered. In less than two hours the leaves of trees, bushes, corn, and every thing green was devoured. This is about as bad as one of the plagues of Egypt in olden times.

A Mrs. Carson died recently in Georgia aged 103 years, 6 months, and 3 days. She had cut three sets of teeth, the last being small, and like a squirrel's. Up to six years ago she would walk two or three miles with the greatest ease. About eight years ago her sight failed; but when she cut her last set of teeth, about two years ago, it improved very much. Her eldest son died in Louisiana a few months ago, at the age of 81 or 82 years.

Cockroaches are a terrible nuisance in the city. All sorts of poisons and powders are used for their extermination, which, in general, are only partially successful. An English paper gives the following "effectual mode" of destroying them; and though we can not recommend it as being a *convenient* method, it certainly has the claim to *originality:*

A gentleman in Rothesay, whose kitchen used to be nightly overrun by cockroaches, procured a hedgehog and fed it on porridge and milk, allowing it a snug corner near the hearth for a lodging, as the creature is fond of heat. In a few nights his kitchen was quite rid of the insects. He had the curiosity to watch its proceedings. When the house was quiet, and the floor was covered with the insects, the hedgehog would issue from its hiding-place—a recess under the oven in the kitchen grate, and—clumsy though the animal looks—with the agility of a cat pounced upon its prey one by one till it had finished the mortal career of all in sight. Having thus killed them the hedgehog commenced to eat them up at its leisure. Although a very timid animal, it would venture out in the presence of any one who sat still and did not disturb it.

The following graphic account of a case of assault, recently brought before the Court of Special Sessions, occurs in one of the daily newspapers. We commend it to the notice of any of the legal profession who are about issuing Law Reports:

"It seems that Mrs. C. had a little dog in her lap, when Mrs. B. came and kicked the dog; and when Mrs. C. expostulated with Mrs. B. Mrs. B. threatened to kick Mrs. C., as well as the little D. Accordingly, Mrs. B. did pitch into Mrs. C. and the little D., and Mrs. C. brought Mrs. B. into court. The little D., not having been subpenaed, was not present. Judgment suspended."

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

[*From Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation having for its basis the inside bark of white pine might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in the diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

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This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and scurvy it will be found valuable.

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MIXED, 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ ℔.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ ℔.
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IMPERIAL and HYSON, best $1 25 ℔ ℔.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ ℔.
Gunpowder, $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ ℔.

WOONSOCKET, *September* 17, 1866.

GENTLEMEN,—I once more forward you an order for Teas, and I hope you will still continue to send as good a quality as you have heretofore, for I must say it has given general satisfaction so far. I think the thing is going along first-rate in this place. I never thought when I sent the first $20 last February that it would have got along so fast, but all like it, and it must go on. I hope you will send this as soon as you get the order, for some of them that have sent live quite a distance from here, and I told them that it would be here on Thursday. I remain, Gentlemen, yours respectfully,
JAMES WOODHOUSE, for Club.

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